

DOWN *The* EASTERN
and up
The BLACK BRANDYWINE



WILMER W. MAC ELREE

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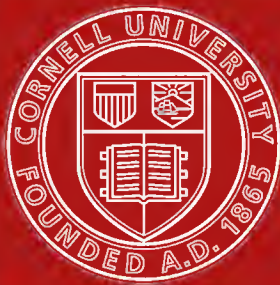
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AT THE SOURCE.

Down the Eastern

AND

Up the Black Brandywine

“God gives it snow, men give it sewage.”—HUGO.

WILMER W. MACELREE

SECOND EDITION

1912
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PRINTER
WEST CHESTER, PA.

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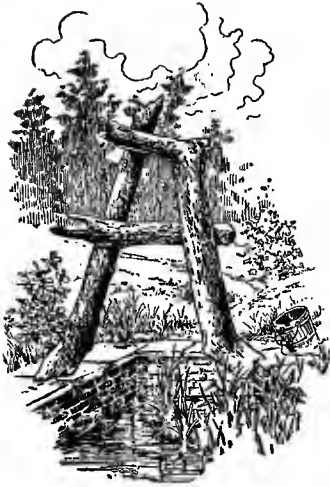


"HE POINTED TO A HOLLOW LOG." Page 10.

AT THE SOURCE.

“Who seeks for joy at Mother Nature’s heart,
From haste and hurry must enfranchised be,
No breath from noisy street or toiling mart
Her loveliness must stain,
No memory of pain
Encloud her great and sweet simplicity.”

Hayes—Adown the Brandywine.



LONG the southern base of the Welsh Mountains in the northeastern part of Honeybrook Township, a short and narrow by-road branches off from the Morgantown highway, and runs westwardly toward Honeybrook Borough.

Crossing this road almost at right angles, a limpid brooklet with rapid movement passes southward through a small and stony culvert; while westward from this culvert a hundred yards or more, another brooklet crosses the same road and is bridged over with a few planks. Each claims to be the Brandywine, and each has its supporters. Sometimes the strife runs high; now and then the eastern brooklet, bubbling with pride, refuses to confine itself to

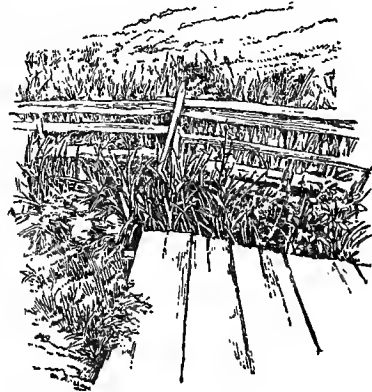
its narrow circle of stone and floods the roadway; where-upon the western brooklet, not to be outdone, dashes and splashes through the flags and briars and overhanging grass and buries the bridge beneath its waters.



O foolish brooklets, who hath bewitched you? Near the head-spring of this romantic stream, far away from the contentions of courts, let me, I pray you, enjoy the calm peace of a summer afternoon. Amid these pastoral scenes, close to the boundary lines of Chester County, let me listen to the music of reapers, let me realize in part the dream of Whittier's "Judge:"

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health and quiet and loving words."

It was such hopes as these, such fancies, that quickened my steps as I struggled up the last long hill, and now that I have reached this spot designed by nature for peaceful meditations, let me rest and dreamily reflect upon the origin of life, its course and end. I fling myself upon the grass that lines the roadside, but find my sober thoughts most rudely interfered with by the high pretensions of these rival brooklets, each exclaiming as it goes splashing by me—



"I am the Brandywine."

Roused by their rustic interruptions, I inquire at last,

"What have you to offer in support of your respective claims?"

"My stream is the longer," murmurs one.

"And mine the stronger," echoes the other.

"But what shall be my fee?" I ask, from force of habit.

"A drink of pure water from the fountain head," they burst forth in unison. Thirsty from a long and continuous walk, I accept the proffered terms and set out to settle their dispute.

Starting from the culvert I climb a three-rail fence and land in a pasture field. After walking some three hundred yards in soft and springy soil, and clambering over another fence—this time a stony one be-
decked with a suspicious looking vine, I see—but a few rods in front of me, the source of the eastern brooklet. Here, two springs gush forth unceas-



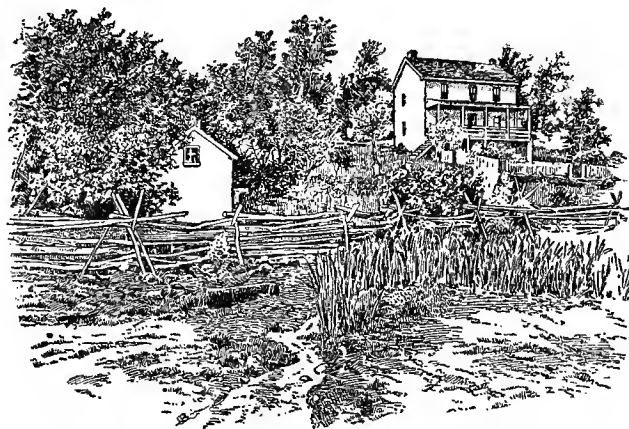
ingly. One of them is covered with a spring house, while the other forms a large pool just outside. So invitingly cool did it look the first day I saw it, that my companion and I not only quenched our thirst, but drank a draught or two to its bubbling health. When I laid the tin cup down upon one of the broad flat stones that lined the spring, and turned to leave, I noticed an old man walking slowly down the hillside from a dwelling house close by. At once an easy way of solving the vexed question of "head-spring" presented itself, and as he drew near I opened the conversation by observing,

"You are an old resident?"

"Well I reckon I am," said he, "my name is Hackett, and I've lived round here for many a year."

"Is this spring the source of the Brandywine," I asked, as I took another drink.

"Is it?" he repeated, with a look of astonishment on his wrinkled face, "Well I reckon it is," said he, looking down on the bubbling fountain with fatherly affection, then shaking his head with emphasis, he pointed to a hollow log and added, "why cows wont drink nowhere else than from that trough, and by the bye, it never goes dry."



As these statements seemed to be conclusive of the question, we bade the old man adieu and returned to the road. Crossing an adjoining field where some men and women were harvesting hay, we halted for a little rest, and waiving all preliminary questions, proceeded at once to explain our possession of cameras and other accoutrements, by saying, "At the source of the Brandywine taking pictures."

"Did you go to the left of yonder barn?" asked the oldest of the harvesters.

"No," I answered, "what's there?"

"The source of the Brandywine," said he, laconically, "if you were not there, you were not at the source."

Shades of Sir Walter Raleigh! how hard it is to ascertain facts.

“WHERE SOME MEN AND WOMEN WERE HARVESTING HAY.” Page 10.



Reader, did you ever try to follow the channel of a brooklet? Not a quiet, well ordered, methodical brooklet, that flows unhindered through cultivated meadows and well cleared woods, where you can sit down beneath the sheltering branches of beech trees, and watch the waters play with the pebbles at their roots, but an untamed, untamable brooklet, that comes through tangled thickets interlaced with wildbriers. You seek an entrance but are driven back, each jealous wildbrier resenting your intrusion. A glimpse of smiling water lures you on, however, and you strive again; this time the briers clutch your coat and hold you fast. You struggle—you sweat—you swab your face, until an impish brier seizes your handkerchief and tosses it from side to side above your head, and as you vainly try to grasp it, claws your hand and flings its long and prickly arms about your neck as if it fain would strangle you. Exasperated and reckless, unconscious of smarts, you dash forward toward an open place and find yourself knee deep in swamps. You step on branches, they break with their rottenness, you try a stone, it sinks with your weight, at last you reach a tussock and looking around you, discover the brooklet at the edge of the swamp, completely covered with bushes and vines, prepared to resist all your efforts to part them. In my case a friendly bullfrog under a neighboring tussock bellowed forth its “better go rrrr-ound,” and I agreed with it. A few steps to the right and the swamp was cleared, while further up the mountain side, I found the spring I sought, cooped up and covered over with slabs. In the first glow of generous indignation one feels like tearing off these slabs and restoring the imprisoned spring to freedom. But such an action would be trespass, says the law—criminal trespass. Therefore the sunbeams may not kiss it in the morning, nor the western breeze with soft caress quiet its laboring heart at the close of day. Never, while this pent house remains, shall it feel the timid touch of the grass that once crept close beside it to listen

to its bubbling story, nor can a single wild flower sympathetically drop a petal on its bosom. Tear off these slabs! Remove this bandage from its eyes! Too long already has it suffered these indignities. Let it see again the trees, the rocks, and the great blue sky, and in the midnight silence let it reflect, as once it reflected, the far off stars.

The owner hears not my passionate appeal, nor would he heed it if he heard, but possibly some future mountain gust that knows no obligation to the law of trespass may one day do all that my heart and hand desire. To the mountain gust I leave it.

On these slopes, near this spring, more than a century ago, John Owen hoped a home might be erected for his poorer Seventh Day Baptist brethren, who were scattered over Nantmeal, some near the headwaters of the Brandywine, and others along French Creek. For this purpose he generously devised his farm of one hundred and eighty-one acres "in West Nantmeal (now Honeybrook), on a branch of the Brandywine, to the congregation of people residing there and the places adjacent, which congregation are a people of British extraction, which profess with me in the following articles, of keeping the Seventh Day, Sabbath and Water Baptism, and denying the use of the carnal sword and legal oath, and all the rigour of the law of nations, to be to them made use of as an Alms House for the benefit of the poor and necessitous which shall stand in need of relief, and are not in capacity to help themselves."

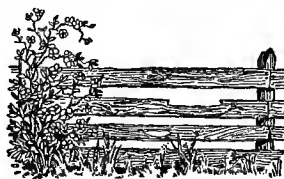
Owen's purpose was a noble one, the proposed relief was greatly needed, the site selected by him was admirable, and the materials for building were ample and close at hand. There was abundant timber on the mountains and the fields were full of stones, so full, in fact, that the very courses in his deeds were not content to call for one, but insisted upon "heaps" to mark their endings.



"COOPED UP AND COVERED OVER WITH SLABS," Page 11.

For some reason, however, his hope failed of realization, and in 1832, the tract devised by him to his Seventh Day Baptist brethren, was conveyed by them to Jarmin Hughes. Had Owen's project only been successful, some Presbyterians might have been tempted to turn Seventh Day Baptists. Could any unfortunate son of Adam—unless his fancy was altogether extinguished by his misfortunes—fail to experience a certain sombre pleasure in contemplating as a refuge for his closing years, such a mountain home, with its pure water and purer air? Even if his reflections took on a melancholic tinge as he remembered how often the gifts of charity are perverted by sordid administrators, he might still find consolation in the very location. Not every almshouse when its larders are empty can regale its inmates with mouthfuls of beauty.

In visiting Honeybrook Township, it is well to have your valet carry with him a copy of Futhey's "History of Chester County," or, if like the writer, you are so fortunate as to have no valet, take your knife and cut out the mass of dead matter in the latter half of the volume, and carry the historical portion yourself. Open this out on some old bowlder, sit down beside it and look around you. It will surprise you how fresh and interesting some of these pages which you have hitherto regarded as dry as dust, will become: how their skeleton facts and figures will invest themselves with stories and borrow beauty from the surrounding landscape. The fragrance of the wild rose falls upon me as I write these lines. A few rods from where I sit its sweet scented blossoms decorate a worm eaten post in a boundary fence.



"Röslein, röslein, röslein, roth,"

no wonder Goethe loved you.

The township of Honeybrook, in which the Brandywine takes

its rise, dates from 1789, and boasts both its ancestry and size. It is an offspring of old Nantmel, and is the largest township in the county. As far back as 1734 an attempt was made to carve a township bearing its name, out of the western end of Nantmel, but the petition for such division, although numerously signed, was rejected by the Court. Of the various reasons assigned for favorable action, perhaps the most important was embodied in the following language :

“Settled in the uttermost bounds of this County, when this township was laid out we were very few settlers, which occasioned it to be larger and now most of it being settled we find the largeness of it to be very detrimental to most of the inhabitants for when a road is to be laid or repaired in one end of the township the inhabitants of the other end which are at least twenty miles distant will be obliged to spend three days to do one day's work which is a very great hardship.”

What a field for an ethnologist Honeybrook presents. Two centuries ago, according to the words of the petition I have quoted, this very ground over which many of us pass so carelessly to-day, was inhabited by men possessing such peculiar traits of character as apparently to astound the judges at Chester then, and certainly to excite skepticism now. Nor can this skepticism be regarded as wholly irrational, when one considers, that, notwithstanding the many years that churches and school houses have been preaching the dignity of labor, and the length of time that has elapsed since the legislature appointed an annual holiday for its consideration, not Diogenes himself with a well trimmed lamp, could to-day discover within the limits of this county, a lineal or collateral descendant of these original settlers, whose virility would protest against his spending three whole days in doing one day's public work. I have heard it doubted whether such a specimen could be found even among our public officials, selected as we all know with scrupulous care.



"THE MORGANTOWN ROAD." Page 18.

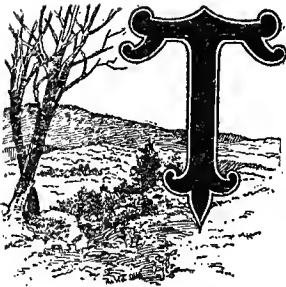
Had the fondness for labor which characterized the old settlers of Nantmel only been capable of transmission, what choice Commissioners their descendants would have made. "*O tempora! O mores!*"



THE WELSH MOUNTAINS.

“Wide and sweet the flowers are blowing
By that streamlet’s side,
And a greener verdure showing
Where its waters glide—
Down the hill-slope murmuring on,
Over root and mossy stone.”

Whittier—The Fountain.



THE townships of Honeybrook, West Nantmeal and Wallace, with the exception of a small part of the southeastern portion of Honeybrook, lie in what might be called a valley, bounded on the north and west by the Welsh Mountains, and on the south by the Barren Hill. To a geologist this region exhibits interesting evidences of many of the upheavals and some of the eruptions which have given the surface of the earth its present form. Boulders of gneiss abound in many places. Seated on one of these geological mile stones, Professor James McClune made his deductions, and concluded that the currents of ice which carried them here, pursued a southerly or southwesterly course.





ABE BUZZARD.

What a power there is in geological vision. Here where I sit and see only the branches of the Brandywine draining this tract of land, McClune saw the mighty glacial currents passing with slow, resistless movement, carrying portions of the Welsh Mountains to the Manor Meeting House and Sandy Hill.



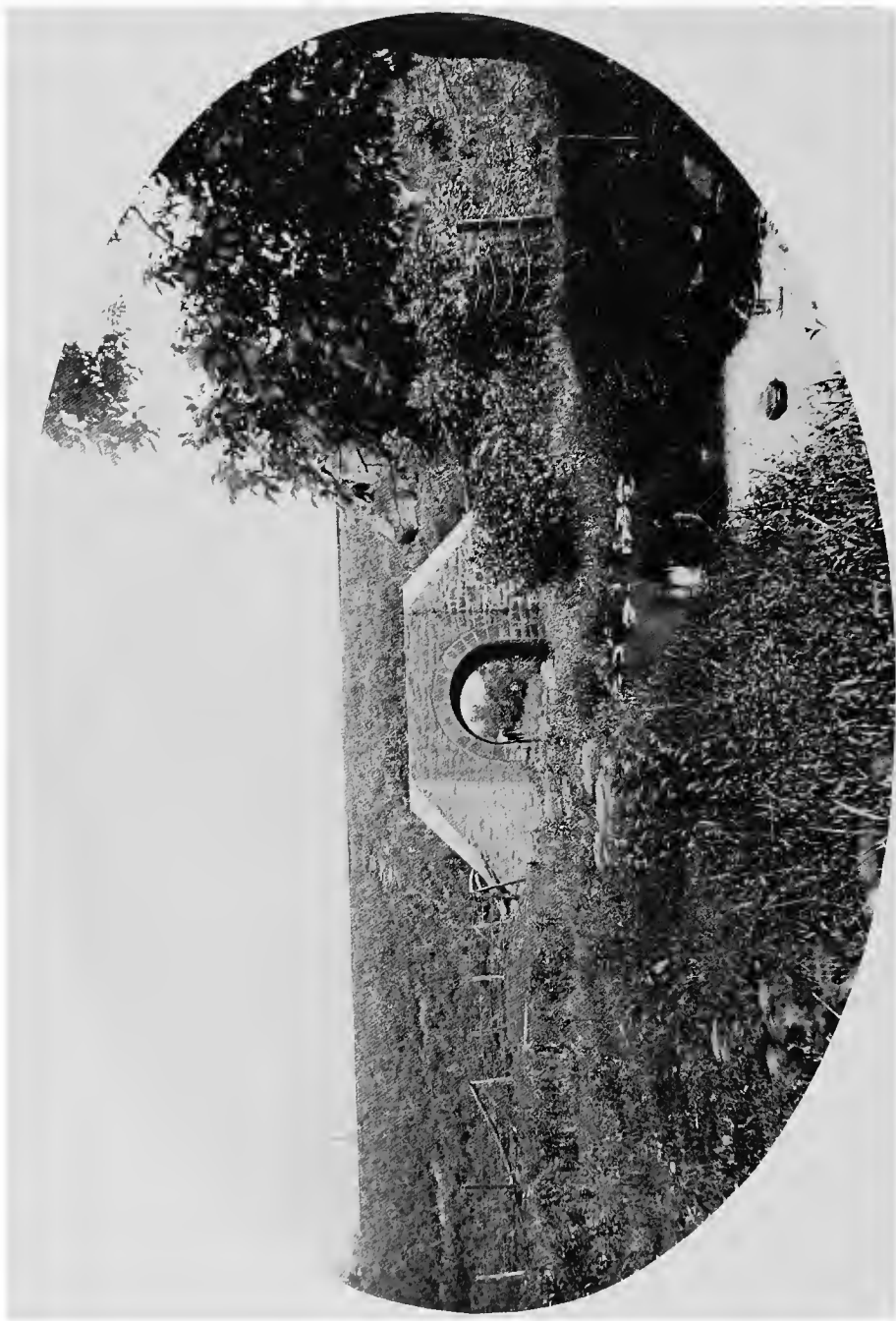
The general course of the Eastern Brandywine from its source in the Welsh Mountains to the borough of Downingtown, is southward through Honeybrook until it approaches Cupola in the adjoining township of West Nantmeal, where it bends to the east and continues easterly through the southern part of the township. Entering Wallace Township from the west it flows southeastwardly to its border, then on past Dorlan's Mills. About a mile below these mills it turns to the south and maintains a southerly course to Downingtown. From Wallace to Downingtown it forms the boundary line of several townships: East Brandywine and Caln lying on the west, and Upper Uwchlan, Lower Uwchlan and East Caln, on the east.

Standing at either source of the eastern branch the spectator's view northward is shut off by the Welsh Mountains, a ridge of sandstone formation covered with scrubby oak and chestnut, bounding the northern margin of Honeybrook Township and running in a southwestern direction from the village of Springfield in West Nantmeal, to Earl Township in the county of Lancaster. Traversed as they are by numerous roads, the ascent of these mountains is not difficult; nor are they high enough to be impressive, except perhaps at evening, when the clouds gather and from a distance you catch "a vague and momentary glimpse which leaves you in doubt whether you gaze on hill or cloud." In the clear sunlight of a July day, they have a

dwarfish appearance, unrelieved by jutting peaks or frowning crags. From time to time, their shady recesses have been the haunts of thieves who live on poultry and trade in horses. "Shaken out of destiny's dice box," it was here that "Abe Buzzard" and his notorious companions found their home. In the obscure retreats with which this region abounds, they eluded their pursuers and concealed such booty as chance threw in their way. Even yet, although Buzzard has long been immured in the Lancaster County jail, timid travellers, with hesitation after nightfall, climb the summits of these mountains and start with apprehension at the rustling of the leaves, lest the figure of the outlaw spring forth from behind some thick set bush or clump of chestnuts.

To enjoy the scenery of the Brandywine few demands are made upon the tourist. One need only possess but a clear eye and the slightest development of the sense of beauty. The qualities which Robert Buchanan asserted as essential for visitors who would properly appreciate the Land of Lorne, are quite unnecessary here. Few Americans can "patiently relinquish their energetic identity to become a tarn or mirror," and fewer still "can acquire the conviction that rain is beautiful, and that to be wet through twice or thrice a day is not undesirable."

But, enough of prefatory remarks, let us follow the stream. From the nearer spring to the road where I first saw the brooklets, the distance is somewhat over three hundred yards; from the further spring to the road, the distance is at least one hundred and fifty yards more. South of this road not more than a stone's throw, the two brooklets meet a third one and unite their waters. With a joyous leap, the stream thus formed crosses the Morgantown road and starts for the Delaware. How sportive it seems! How eager to enter upon its long and devious course! With what graceful sinuosity it moves through these upper meadows of Honeybrook, now showing its head to the sun, now

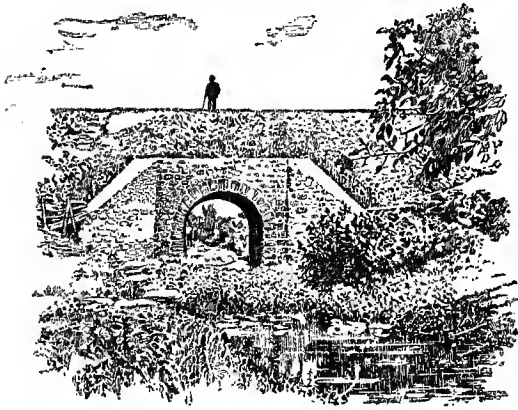


"FROM THIS RAILROAD BRIDGE I LOOK BACKWARDS." Page 20.

diving beneath the tangled roots of fallen trees, and now concealing its body entirely under the alder bushes which line its banks. On approaching the Reading railroad it discloses itself for a moment and then disappears beneath the bridge.

This branch of the Reading system, more familiarly known as the Wilmington and Northern, is associated with the Western Brandywine for fifty miles, and is a remarkable piece of railroad construction. In the main it consists of a collection of curves: curves of low degree and high degree, harmonic and irregular, sinister and dextral, curves with functions, and curves without functions, curves that find their expression in algebraic symbols, and curves which transcend the power of mathematics to express them, all are here—here in profusion: parabolic forms for geometers and diabolic forms for passengers. Travellers taking this road for the first time, have been heard to say that there are no three consecutive points lying in the same direction from Wilmington to Reading. Doubtless there is extravagance in this statement, but it is not unusual to find a passenger train occupying three of these curves, while a freight often lengthens itself out over four or five. It has been asserted that a great number of them were introduced for the purpose of enabling its patrons to see both sides of the road at the same time, but with equal positivity I have heard it maintained that the comfort of the passengers was not considered at all, the aim of the engineer being rather to demonstrate that in railroad construction a straight line is unnecessary and useless. Some ignorant and presumptuous people have suggested that he merely conformed the line to the sinuous course of the stream, while others, naturally suspicious, find the explanation in the terms of the contract, which they declare provided for extra compensation for every curve. If so, the engineer's bill must have consisted entirely of extras. Perhaps the real reason will never be known. Meanwhile the road will continue to afford its patrons

such facilities of view, such alterations of sunshine and shadow, as are furnished by no other road in the country. With a little more sharpening of the curves, a husband in the smoking car can enjoy a chat with his wife as he passes her on some up-grade curve, and the conductor communicate his orders to the engineer without the use of a rope or other uncertain signal.



From this railroad bridge, I look backward on the way that I have come, and take my last view of the Brandywine's mountain home. The falling dew admonishes me that it is later than I thought, but even yet, through the dusk of the evening I can distinguish my course of travel. Is it merely an illusion, or are the clouds really resting on the tops of yonder mountains that stand with sentinel solidity about the cradle of this stream? How still the air is. The lingering hum of the train that went whizzing by me has ceased—the whistle of the Bob-white alone breaks the silence—the world is at peace. A few moments later and the clouds have settled on the mountains, twilight has merged into darkness, and the stream I hope to follow in the morning has gone to sleep beneath the alders.



"BENEATH THE ALDERS," Page 20.

TOWARD CUPOLA.

“All ye who would be in the right
In health and purse, begin your day to date
From daybreak, and when coffined at fourscore,
Engrave upon your plate, you rose at four.”

Byron—Don Juan.



Do not doubt that there is much merit in the old saw that Byron incorporated in his verse, but for the coffin plates of most of us some other inscription will have to be devised. Five o'clock is early enough for the cock to crow, even in Honeybrook. At five o'clock I heard it, and waking, found myself in the Talbot Homestead.

Already the Sun was peeping through the window, shooting his searching glances here and there, and I arose at once to meet him. The Sun and I had long been friends. While I had never “sat up all night to see him rise,” as Byron said he frequently did, I had made it my habit to take his side of the street and the car, and he in return had rarely intruded upon the privacy of my chamber or disturbed my repose. On awakening, I saw at once that it was the same old friendly July Sun, but the Morning to which he introduced me was so different from any of her sisters whom I had seen before, that I started with surprise.



She looked so fresh, so fair, so buoyant—this rosy cheeked daughter of the mountain—that I accepted with pleasure her invitation for a stroll. Along roads lined with silver poplars,

through meadows redolent of mint, we passed, delicious influences everywhere abounding. What depths of green lay on the pasture lands! What glorious greetings came from every rock and tree! Eye, ear, and soul, alike were charmed. The



misty veil that night had hung above the Brandywine was parting. I stood and watched it disappearing in the sky—watched it till it resolved itself in air, and then I cast my eyes about the fields; on every bush the spiders' webs were glistening, and the whole country side was bathed in light.

Often since, in crowded cities, awakened by the rattle of lumbering wagons, disturbed by the jar of electric cars, weary in body and jaded in spirit, I have opened the window of some stuffy upper room, and as the smoke from a multitude of factories went swirling by, settling down upon the houses and obscuring every object in the streets, memories of that morning on the hills of Honeybrook have transformed the scene, and I have heard, midst the din of traffic, the splash of a mountain stream.

From the bridge on the Wilmington and Northern Railroad to the bridge on the Waynesburg Branch of the Pennsylvania



“THE RAGGED ROOTS OF A BLASTED BEECH.” Page 24.

Railroad, the course of the Brandywine is about a mile. Verification of this distance can only be had by walking in the stream. To walk along its bank looks easy, but experience will greatly modify your views. Inexperienced myself, I took the right bank, but soon concluded I was wrong, for there on the left, was a well worn cattle path apparently paralleling the stream. Assuming that the cattle had adopted the line of least resistance, I jumped across and walked a quarter of a mile or so, only to discover that the path had led me away from the creek into the middle of a blackberry patch, where it abruptly ended. How did the cows get out? An interesting problem—but after debating it for a half hour on a hot day, it is wise to abandon it and feast upon the berries. I found them ripe, luscious, and plentiful, but as the bushes showed no signs of yielding, the choice was given me of going back or crawling toward the stream. I chose the former, and soon found a soft, green bank, in the cool shadows of some tender maples, which lovingly entwined their arms above me.

What a hiding place for trout that pool is, fifty feet below me, where the stream makes such an elbow, where the water laps the roots of that old oak and forms a little eddy. As usual I have no line, but if I had, how could I reach the pool? Float the bait on a little piece of bark, you say, float it till it reaches the spot, give a deft turn of the wrist, and the bait will fall into the gaping mouth of the fish beneath. Truly the theory has much to commend it, but the season is past, and what if there be no trout? There was a time when many a catch came from this stream, but alas! its pools have lost their fairest tenants and the flash of the trout is seldom seen.

About half way between the railroad bridges I have mentioned, a creek comes running in from the east, and the banks of the Brandywine begin to spread. Its waters deepen at this point, but their purity is sensibly impaired. For the first time I

hear the drop of a mud turtle, for the first time I find myself looking for a snake. Doubtless the ragged roots of a blasted beech in front of me, twisting and curling into the middle of the stream suggest the thought, and other thoughts come tripping after it.

The union of these waters—how well it illustrates the sad reflections of Cowper's "Love Abused." What! Didactics in summer time! "Table Talk" by the Brandywine! Why not? It was Cooper who sang "God made the country and man made the town," besides, I love the poet

"who scribbled rhyme

To catch the triflers of his time,

and what fitter place for moralizing could be found than this? What better time? Here, where my text is furnished by the stream and my companion Dr. Wisner—a missionary from China—stands ready to pass upon the orthodoxy of my views.

"Reserve your moralizings for yourself," you cry. The advice is good and inexpensive, and perchance I need it most, at least I will forbear to utter it, and as for poetry, I pledge myself to be as abstinent as the stream will let me, for I hold religiously with him whose poetry I know the best,

"between friend and friend

Prose answers every common end."

Meanwhile the Brandywine has hurried on and sought again its favorite cover. Again, I try to force my way, again the briers scratch and tear me, till I feel like turning back and giving up the chase, when suddenly I come on fields sown thick with rocks, and see but a gunshot ahead of me—the Waynesburg Railroad bridge.

The road is popularly known as "The Huckleberry Line," on which attempts to speed are positively forbidden. Its essential qualities are medicinal. Not that I would detract from its æsthetical claim to patronage, for its merit in this re-

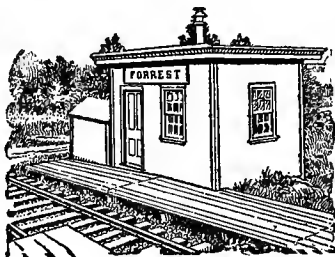
spect is familiar to every one who uses it. From its starting point in Downingtown it stretches out its iron length in graceful undulations to the little trestle bridge on which I stand. For fifteen miles it gives its passengers kaleidoscopic views of rippling waters, spanned by rustic bridges, decked with vines of brightest green and flanked by lofty buttonwoods white with age, beneath whose branches solitary figures stand as if they had been moulded there by nature—figures of fishermen, who never raise their heads nor give an answer to your questioning looks. These views the railroad furnishes with every train, but sufferers from blues, and those who, like Emile, are “troubled with ennui,” and constantly complain of “civilization’s railroad evenness,” should take the noon train northward—a train made up exclusively of freight cars with one long coupled coach. Tickets are issued at the usual rates and call for a “continuous passage”—a railroad synonym for constant motion. Backwards and forwards, on side tracks and main tracks, the Company faithfully observes its printed contract and prepares the invalid for further treatment at its stations. At each of these, three bumps are given him—not common bumps, but generous bumps, resultant bumps, three nicely graduated bumps arranged by engineers of long experience, three bumps that follow like successive breakers on the beach. To speak with accuracy, the first feels more like broken surf that warns you of the power behind it, the second, well—as I interpret it, the mission of the second is to tell the inexperienced that the third is close at hand. For chronic sufferers the latter two are sometimes merged in one. When this is known beforehand, I have heard it said, a torpid liver really leaps in expectation.

What inspiration a ride on the Waynesburg Branch would have given John G. Saxe? What abundance of materials for some additional stanzas to his “Rhyme of the Rail?” I never

take a seat in one of these cars myself without first looking, with a pitying eye, to see if any "Market-woman" is aboard,

"Feeling that the smash,
When it comes will surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely."

The first station on the Waynesburg line below this trestle bridge bears the suggestive name of "Forrest." Instinctively you glance around for some wide-spreading woods, but look in vain, for



none is here. The spelling of this station name is not, as you at first supposed, an orthographical mistake of some illiterate railroad

painter too lavish of his letters, nor was the name when given, intended to express the woodiness of the surrounding country. The truth is, that the railroad company borrowed it, and by its borrowing, rescued from oblivion the memory of an owner of a farm close by. At the time of its application to the station the trees that lined the railroad track were neither tall nor large of girth. In 1880, when McClune counted the annual ring growths of a number of large oak trees then felled, he could find none that exceeded one hundred and fifty. To-day not a single giant of the forest remains to tell the story of the Nanticokes. According to McClune's views, at the time this section of country was settled, the forests, while extensive, were far from dense. By frequent fires, the Indians thinned the timber and kept it thin; on the high ground, for greater facility in pursuing deer, in the low ground and valleys, to enable them to hunt the buffalo. "The tradition is," says he, "that a wagon could be driven anywhere without difficulty through the standing timber."



"FIELDS SOWN THICK WITH ROCKS." Page 24.

This is but tradition, however, and tradition, it must be borne in mind, is not always reliable. Some investigators have taken issue with McClune, but all agree with him that after the retirement of the Indians, the growth of the timber here was rapid, and about the period of the Revolutionary War, the forests were dense.

Southward from Forrest station about two hundred yards, stands the first covered bridge over the Eastern Brandywine. To most of us bridges are interesting objects, whether we are able to analyze out interest in them or not. For me such interest dates a long way back. Caius Julius Cæsar! can I ever forget the time when I first assisted in reconstructing a bridge over the Rhine in accordance with directions set down by thee with such explicitness in thy Commentaries on the Gallic War?

To those who, like myself, have struggled with "*tigna sesquipedalia*," or operated the "*fistuca*," the bridge at "Forrest" presents no constructional difficulties. It is a modest little structure resting upon stone abutments, the distance



between which is only about forty feet. In summer, it decks itself with climbing ivy; in winter, loves to show a snowy cap. An

eighth of a mile below the bridge, the stream widens into Cupola dam, and enters the township of West Nantmeal. Picturesquely beautiful as West Nantmeal is, I yet leave Honeybrook with much regret, for in Honeybrook are the sources of the Brandywine, and thy sources, O, Brandywine, are peculiarly dear to me.

Indian, settler, and slave, have all drunk of thy waters, have all felt the subtle influence of thy beauty, have all listened to thy ever changing, never ending song.

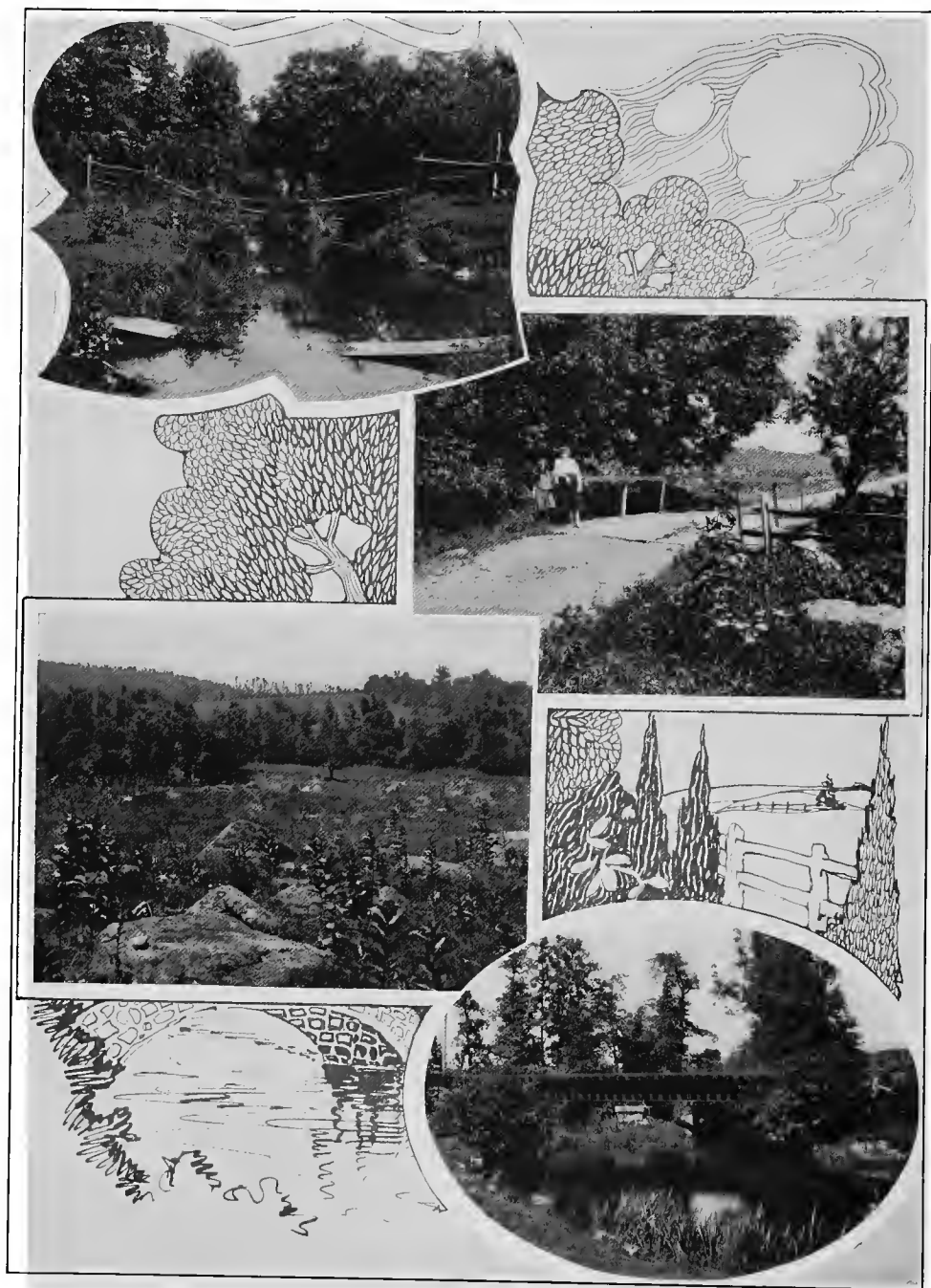
When wearied of the chase, thy Indian lover stretched himself upon the soft green turf beside thee, thou didst gently whisper to him all the secrets of thy stream; didst sing to him of shady pools and bright-eyed trout, of greenest cresses and fair-blooming flowers; and when at last delicious dreaminess came over him, when full of thy story, his tired head sank back upon its mossy pillow, thou didst fill his dreams with sweetest strains of rippling music.

But thy Indian lover left thee, and the rude settler found thee, found thee in the depths of a mighty forest, in whose shadows thou didst then delight. Enchanted with thy beauty, he laid his axe aside and bade thee sing for him. He heard thy song

“of peaceful quietude,

Where weary-eyed ambition comes not near,”

and having heard it, built his house beside thy stream.

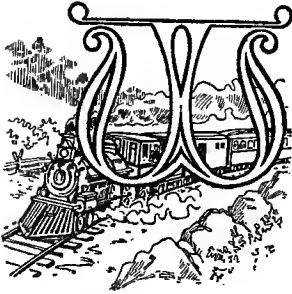


"THE WAYNESBURG RAILROAD BRIDGE." Page 24.

OLD NANTMEL.

"Give me a cottage on some Cambrian wild,
Where far from cities I may spend my days ;
And, by the beauty of the scene beguiled,
May pity man's pursuits, and shun his ways."

Henry Kirke White—Sonnets.



HAT'S in a name? For many, nothing ; for some, something ; for a few, everything. What does Nantmeal signify? To the politician familiar with registries, intent only on maintaining his power by securing the offices of his county, Nantmeal's fittest expression is an arithmetical one, Nantmeal means four hundred votes.

To the business man who hurries through the township on the cars, snugly ensconced in an upholstered seat behind his newspaper, which shuts out every wooded hill and pleasant valley, Nantmeal often signifies still less ; to such a man, calculating the rise in pork, or fall in sugar, and catching no glimpse of merry streams from either window, Nantmeal signifies nothing. But to the Welshman who climbed these hills and looked down upon these rich, green fields, so bountifully blessed with flowing water, this strange country seemed a reflection of his own beloved home across the sea. He called it Nantmel—the land of the "sweet stream."

As early as 1717-19, surveys were made at the head of the North Branch of the Brandywine, for William Iddings, or Heddings, as he is sometimes called, Howell Powell, David Thomas, John Moore, Thomas Callowhill, William Trego, Richard Piersol, and others, of whom a few were Scotch, and others distinctively Welsh. The Welsh settlers for the most part confined their settlements to the eastern end of the township, leaving the western end for the Scotch Irish, who came up from the southwestern section of the county.

In the character of her early settlers Nantmel was specially blessed. They were intelligent, patriotic, religious and forceful. To the land of their adoption they brought the high qualities generated in the land of their birth. With equal pride one sang of Derry and the Boyne, and the other pointed to the title of "fair England's heir," as a national recognition of his country's prowess. Welsh and Scotch Irish alike had come hither to question and to work. For both, life had meaning and problems. To the solution of these problems they brought keen insight and devout hearts.

One marvels at results so quickly achieved by their energy and practicality. Scarcely was the clay dry on their rude log huts, till timbers were hewn for school houses, and stones collected for a church. Almost the first complaint that we hear from Nantmel comes from some laborers compelled to put a road in order that led to a meeting house.

"Too have been called this day upon the said road by our Supervisor, where too have labored in mudd and watter to the endangering of our health a Bridging said Swamps and Yet a Road unoccupied by Carts or Wagons and but few Travellers Yea ye Voteries for Said Road within our Town was only three or four persons yt^e wanted a Road to ye Meeting House and these said persons seem to be against ye Town threatening us with presenting and fineing from Time to Time and thus they



"THE STREAM WIDENS INTO CUPOLA DAM." Page 28.

Insult, without we shall now in such Extreim Cold, (the petition is marked November 29) Labor from Day to Day Succisively Bridging said Swamps which is not for a public but only for ye accommodation of these persons to Ride to ye Meeting."

Hard as the conditions were in these upper settlements, it was not all labor. Night came to them as it comes to us. When the long day's work was done, the Welshman threw down his axe, took his pipe in hand, and gathering his children about him, beguiled the evening hours with stories of the fatherland. He knew his country's history—knew it well. From the Severn Sea to the Sânds o' Dee he could picture her "fields of dying" and her "corners of shouting." With honest pride he would recount (it was a part of his creed) how the Normans, who subdued England in seven years, were unable to conquer Wales in two hundred. There are few more interesting figures than that of the Welshman complacently contemplating his fruitful genealogical tree, or jollily singing

"Of Ayron's vale,

Where the nymphs are gay and the swains are hale."

The outlines of his Scotch Irish neighbor on the adjoining farm are a trifle harder. He sang less and calculated more. He stored his mind with Solomonic maxims, knew little of genealogy outside of the Scriptures, but was a ready reckoner of accounts. When his soul sought relief in music it found it in old "Dundee."

The early settlers of Nantmel were provident,—the Scotch Irish particularly so. "A Welshman," remarked Penn, "can live on a broom." When necessary, a Scotch Irishman can live on its stick. In thriftiness he knows no equal. An address from the inhabitants of West Nantmel to the President of the Court at Chester and his associates, in 1764, contains this most significant statement: "The poor of our township has been chiefly in the East end and they (the inhabitants of

the west end) have said they are unwilling to pay poor tax any longer."

Contemplating the monuments which the Scotch Irish settler left behind him, even so calm and judicial a writer as Futhey, felt a strange stirring of soul. The horizon of the county whose history he was writing, seemed to expand till it embraced the State, and the figure of the settler grew colossal: "Pennsylvania owes much of what she is to-day to the fact that so many of these people settled within her borders. Probably not less than five millions of people in America have the blood of these Scotch and Scotch Irish in their veins, and there is not one of them, man or woman, that is not proud of it, or that would exchange it for any other lineage. . . . They were devoted to the cause of their country. Such a thing as a Scotch Irish Tory was unheard of. The race never produced one. It was the energy and devotion of this people that sustained the army in the field in the many dark hours of that contest, and which, under the guidance of Providence, carried this country successfully through the struggle for freedom."

The Welsh settler had many of the best characteristics of the Scotch Irish, an almost equal measure of his stubbornness and some quaint conceits besides. Mindful of his virtues, we can forgive him his curious hallucinations in regard to the antiquity of the Cymric tongue; we can even agree with him that no other tongue will answer for his corner of the world at the last day, but we can not—in justice to Adam—concede that he used this tongue in Paradise to express his love to Eve, that is, if he had the choice of any other. I could as well believe that Eve was wooed upon the Scotch bagpipes. Even a Welsh enthusiast must admit it was a short time for Eve to acquire a knowledge of its rules of permutation. It is a great question, but as it is only indirectly related to the Brandywine, let it pass.

Along the Northern Brandywine the Welshman left but few memorials behind him.

“ His language now no longer breathes,
Its strange, wild music through the scene,
But here and there a name still wreathes
His memory in perpetual green.
Tredyffrin, Caln and Nantmeal bold
Traditions of those sires of old ;
While Uwchlan in her inmost vale
May hear at Eve some Cambrian tale.”

Nantmel originally was an exceedingly large township, embracing the present townships of Honeybrook, East and West Nantmeal, Wallace and Warwick, but it was not so large as those who favored its division were accustomed to represent it, alleging, as they did, that its northeastern boundary was the Schuylkill.

*Your Petitioners understanding that some of the
Honourable Justices have been informed that
the North-east end of D^d Township hath no bounds
But Schuylkill, We therefore take the freedom
to acquaint the Honourable Bench that this
Infirmation your Informers would make —
is altogether false for it is well known that
Cooney's and Oncoot Townships bounds upon
D^d Township, far from Schuylkill —
Rich^d Pearboll Arthur Graham*

When the first petition for a division of Nantmel was presented to the Court, in 1734, the line suggested began at the boundary of Lancaster county above the head of a small branch of Brandywine, called George Creek, “which runneth between the land of Davis Thomas and the plantation of William Iddings.”

William Iddings was the owner of two hundred acres of land "situate on the Branches of Brandywine and French Creek." Upon his death in 1726, his three sons acquired title to the property, in whose possession it remained for several years. Finally it was subdivided into various farms, and the name of Iddings disappeared from the assessments of Nantmel.

One day, while looking over the files in the Register's office, I came across the will of Richard Iddings (an uncle of William's), the first settler in Nantmel upon whose estate letters were granted by the Register of Chester. It was not a large estate that Richard left behind him—only a few cows and the simplest household utensils, consisting of "three bowls, two iron potts and two boxes." A shilling a piece was all the treasure he could leave his children—no, not all—he left besides, the legacy of a good man's memory. In the fear of God he lived, in the name of God he began his last, perhaps his most important document: "In the name of God Amen. I Richard Iddings bequeath my soul into the hands of Almighty God my maker, hoping that through the meritorious death and pation of Jesus Christ my only Saviour to reseve free pardon and foregiveness of all my sins." "What a quaint old will," exclaims one. "What an antiquated form," remarks another. Nay, rather,—What a noble confession. What a consolatory hope. What a fitting ending of a simple life.

In February, 1739-40, another division of Nantmel was proposed, based on an equalization of swamps:

"Our Reason," say the petitioners, "is as followeth: The Provincial road Lately Lay'd out Leading from Conestogoe To the Iron Works crosses two very bad Swamps or Marches,—the one called Logan's meadow and the other Ann Roberts' swamp, and if the Devision line ran as above mentioned, it will be Pretty near equal in Distance and Roberts' swamp will be in the Lower Devision or Township and Logan's meadow in the Uper."



"A LITTLE WEST OF AN HYDRAULIC CIDER MILL." Page 55.

[illegible]

35]

That "ye course of ye water" had for several years been a well recognized line of division between the inhabitants of the eastern and western ends of Nantmel is apparent from the conclusion of the petition in which the Court is asked to note "that it is and ever was customary in s^d Township that the inhabitants on the West side of said Run were never called upon for duty or public service to the East end of s^d Town, nor the East end inhabitants ever called to any Service to the West end of s^d Town over s^d Run."

East Nantmeal was afterwards divided into two townships, and West Nantmeal into three.

Driving along the Brandywine through any of the townships once embraced in Nantmel, it is hard to conjure up the conditions of those early days. Possibly, some of them are as accurately sketched in the remonstrance to an application of Francis Edwards for a road, filed in 1731, as in any other single paper.

In the winter of that year Edwards presented his petition to the Court of Quarter Sessions, stating that he had laid out "his whole substance in building a corn mill in Nantmel to accommodate his neighborhood, there being nothing of that kind within four or five miles of his place, which he hath with great difficulty at last effected. But not having any road to his said mill a great part of the custom which first put him upon it can not reap the benefit of the cheiff design of its building which is a very great hardship both to them and your petitioner." In conclusion, Edwards asked for a road from the Lancaster line to his mill.

This petition, while an old one, has a most familiar sound. It reads like an application of a modern hotel keeper setting forth his generous self-denial in building a house exclusively for the accommodation of a needy and suffering public—expressing his willingness to undertake the conduct of the same



"TOWARD BARNSTON," Page 55.

and asking only for the Court's official recognition of his altruistic spirit.

Against this petition of Edwards the combined wisdom of the Welsh and Scotch drafted a remonstrance, which I quote, not for my lay readers, who may pass it by without loss, but for my legal friends, who will be delighted to add to their store of pleading a novel form of *absque hoc*.

"Your petitioners understand that Francis Edwards an Inhabitant of our s^d Township hath provided a Petition to be Exhibited unto you requesting a Road from ye line of the County of Lancaster Thro. our s^d Township. w^{ch} road if granted will be of unsupportable charge to us your Petitioners. Neither can it be of Much Benefit to the s^d Francis as shall hereafter be made appear.

And first as to the Charge it will bring upon us your Petitioners: the s^d road must pass thro a Meadow belonging to James Logan w^{ch} is about thirty poles wide and so swampy that Horses cannot pass through it & the makeing a bridge across it will we Concede amount to between ten and fifteen pounds Charge—then there's another Swamp and Creek belonging to the widdow Roberts w^{ch} cannot be avoided and w^{ch} we Conceive will amount to about five Pounds Charge, then as to the Charge of Opening the s^d Road and w^{ch} will be about six miles long we judge it will not Cost very Little Less than five pounds more. Secondly as to the pretended advantage the s^d road will be to the s^d Francis, its well known that those who live beyond the aforesaid two meadows are Inhabitants of the County of Lancaster and have a mill known by the name of Kitch Millers Mill w^{ch} is nearer to them and a far Better Mill so that some out of this our Township have gone to it tho farther from them for grinding and those who are the s^d Francis's Chief Customers & your Petitioners do not see that they have any occasion of Such a road & if it be urged that it is Designed to be made a

March^{ts} Mill & so may hope for Custom from beyond the afores^d Meadows wee Conceive there's Little Likelyhood of that, seeing the s^d Mill (tho it hath been built two or three years) has no covering but a few boards Nailed over it Neither is there any Place to receive Corn, it being all open to the weather Except what's sheltered by the aforementioned Boards, w^{ch} serve only for a Roof; & if there were a place to receive Corn the Distance from the s^d Mill to Philad^a and the way so bad that's it's not Likely to be a place of much Trade & the road, if ever there be one from the s^d Mill to Philad^a must run yet farther thro our s^d



LEWIS'S LITTLE MILL.

Township, There being but one way as we know of thats down to Saml Nutts Iron Works, w^{ch} road from the s^d mill to ye said Iron works will be about two Miles and will not, we Conceive, Cost Less than five or six pounds more, there being a Large Swamp and Creek to pass, so

that the s^d road, if Granted, will According to the Best of our Judgm^t, Cost us near thirty pounds, besides a road already Laid out from the s^d Iron Works to Uwchlan thro our s^d Township, w^{ch} Township of ours, as it now stands, is near Sixteen miles long, and yett are we unable to pay but about four Pounds Tax and not so much as that till this Last Year, as may be made to appear by the Duplicates; therefore we Humbly Crave that in Consideration of the Vast Charge the Aforementioned road will, (if Granted), unavoidably bring upon us, your Petitioners, & our inability to support the same, you will be Pleased not any ways to Countenance the aforementioned Petition."

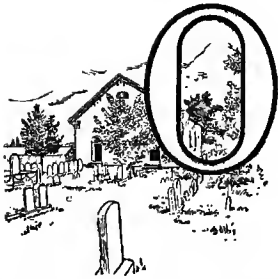


"THE BOUNDARY LINE." Page 39.

ST. MARK'S.

"Go, Traveller, and remember, when the pomp
Of early glory fades, that one good deed,
Unseen, unheard, unnoted by mankind,
Lives in the eternal register of Heaven."

Southey—Inscriptions.



ON the summit of a hill to the east of the public road that forms the boundary line between the townships of West Nantmeal and Honeybrook—a little more than a mile to the north of Cupola—stands the Episcopal church of St. Mark's. Looking southeastwardly from the cemetery which adjoins the church and commands a rich and pleasing prospect of undulating country, one can see the spire of Fairview about seven miles distant, while southwardly and nearer by several miles, the recently erected belfry of Brandywine Manor rises. One afternoon in the summer of 1904, as the photographer who accompanied me was arranging his camera by the roadside, I entered the gateway of the cemetery, and began to examine its monuments and graves. On the farther side I came across the sexton busily engaged in trimming lots. "The finest cemetery in the State," said he. "Such an opinion is pardonable in one who has never seen Oakland," I replied, and then recognizing that the sentiment was

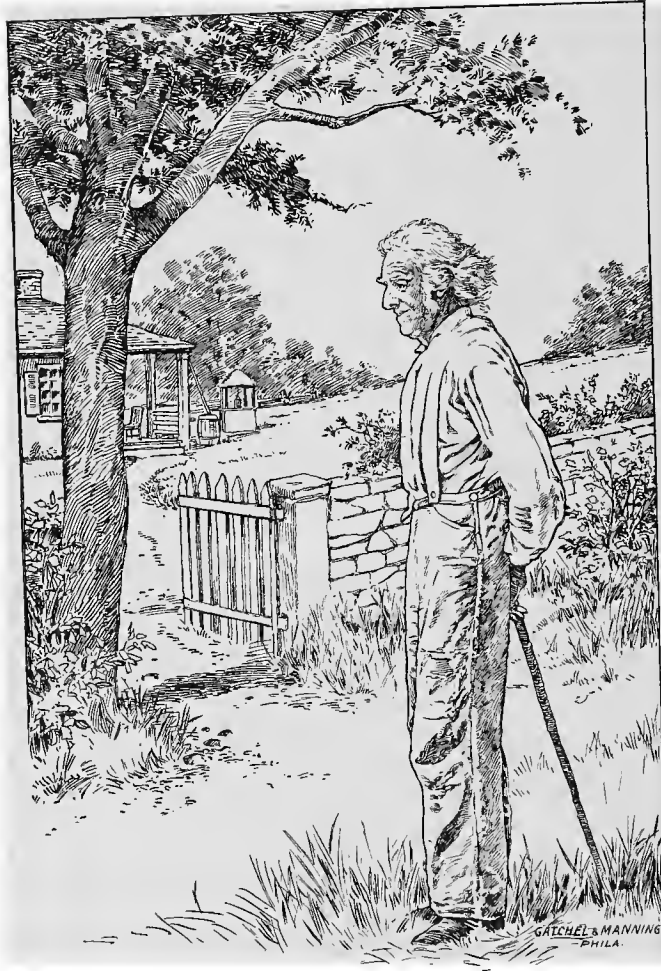
one that did him honor, and feeling that I had done my duty to the spot where I hope to be interred, I made no farther observations. When an inherited prejudice of many years' standing meets an acquired prejudice of similar age the result of such meeting cannot be otherwise than disastrous to peaceful meditations.

I like the restfulness of a country church yard. I share the feelings of Samuel Rogers,

"When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone,
And in a voice inspiring joy not fear,
Says, pointing upward, that he is not here."

Yet how hard it is to divest one's self of legal habits. Even here, wandering over these graves I find myself trying to determine from outward indications "which holds sinner, which holds saint" But how vain is the effort. The grass looks as green on the one as on the other, the marble rises as high over the grave of the sinner as over that of the saint (in many cemeteries a little higher,) and no flabby-leafed plant such as Hawthorne saw on a New England grave unfolds itself to show the resting place of Mr. Badman. Perchance they be all saints that lie here. Let us hope so. Evidently those children yonder think so, for they drop their flowers indiscriminately on every grave they pass. The girls appear to have their aprons full of roses. Only a few steps back of them their little brother follows. He, too, has roses—a chubby handfull—that he quickly drops to chase a butterfly. From grave to grave it flits, he after it—now stumbling over foot-stones—now slipping on the graves. He has it—no! his hand just missed it, there, it flits beyond him, beyond the cemetery wall. Pick up thy flowers, boy, the butterfly hath escaped thee, all that thou canst hope to find here now is its cocoon.

To the antiquarian, St. Mark's has little to present. Such a visitor will not find here any "quaint or curious headstones with



BARNEY UNANGST.

skulls and crossbones and old time epitaphs engraved thereon." For these, he must seek the churchyard of St. John's in the neighboring township of West Caln. St. Mark's was but an infant when St. John's was hoary with its hundred years. The organization of St. Mark's dates back to 1835, about the same age as Holy Trinity—a few years older than St. Peter's in Phoenixville, a few years younger than St. Paul's in West Whiteland.

The parish of St. Mark's is not a large one, nor are her communicants numerous, but her roll embraces not a few sincere and unaffected worshippers. Many of her present members are lineal descendants of former parishioners, whose bodies lie within her churchyard walls. I walk among these graves with slow and reverend step, for some of them contain the dust of very worthy men—men who believed in the dignity of labor and the providence of God—men who perceiving the true end of life sought to build character rather than houses, and having attained their ends and expectations, found, with Bacon, that "the sweetest canticle is *Nunc dimittis*."

At the turn of the road beyond St. Mark's I saw an old man standing behind a row of boxwood that stretched itself across a little yard, and rose waist high in front of him. Hatless and collarless, with wan face and long white hair that half concealed his meagre neck, he looked like a connecting link between the centuries; indeed I fancied that I saw a relic of the early settlements.

"Can this be Barney Unangst, the oldest man in the neighborhood?" I inquired.

"All that is left of him," he said, "and you?"

"A strolling lawyer from the county seat who wished to see the cemetery of St. Mark's," I answered.

"You knew the rector, who is dead?" he asked, then added with solemnity, "God rest his soul, I miss him."

“His name was—”

“Arnold,” he replied, “a godly man who knew his people everywhere he met them.”

“And this was Arnold’s church,” said I. “I knew him—knew him well.” A man of quiet tastes was Francis Arnold, a clergyman devout and scholarly, who fed his soul upon the ancient prophecies and loved a Greek root better than a juicy steak. “Yes, I knew Arnold, and have heard him speak of Barney Unangst. I trust the world deals kindly with you now that he is gone?”

Barney dropped his head and for a moment gave no answer, then, slowly raising it, replied: “Alas! Alas! I have worked too hard, and have worked too long.” There was pathos in his answer, there was pathos in his voice, such pathos that I ceased my conversation and turned again toward Cupola. Poor Barney! Toil had indeed shriveled him, his clothes hung loosely over his shrunken limbs, and his palsied arm accentuated the melancholy truth, “worked too hard and worked too long.”





"A FAVORITE PLACE FOR READING FISHERMEN." Page 43.

CUPOLA DAM.

“When breezes are soft and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the stream with waters of green.”

Bryant—Green River.



HE dam at Cupola is a favorite place for Reading fishermen. They ship their tents on the cars, get them at the station, carry them across the bridge and set them up in the meadow on the north side of the dam, near the ruins of an old clover mill. Many a tired workman has found relief from a noisy Fourth of July in the country about Cupola. Besides her quietude Cupola has little else to offer those who visit her—a grist mill, with a blacksmith shop behind it, an unattractive iron bridge and a corner store—these, and a couple of houses, are all the improvements she can show, and yet, there was a time when brawny workmen lined this road and clouds of smoke proclaimed to all the country-side,

“Rebecca Furnace is located here.”

The builders of this furnace chose a bad location, charcoal became scarce, farmers refused to sell their wood, the furnace

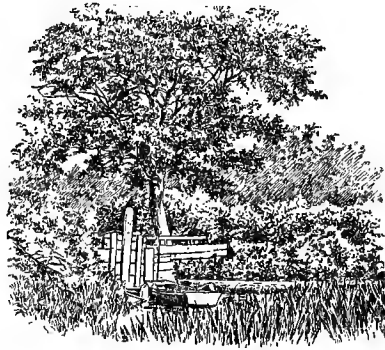
could only run at a loss, and was consequently abandoned. To-day the traveller who stops to rest his horse at Cupola, will look in vain for surface indications of the furnace site, and yet along the roadside, not a furlong from the hitching post that stands in front of Crouse's store, if curious inclined, he still may find beneath a pile of stones, some battered pieces of a once used hearth.

Off yonder, in one of the fields of the old mill tract, that lies to the north of the public road, they used to say that Father Time himself was wont to rest. All doubting visitors who asked for confirmation of this strange report were pointed to a rock, marked with the letter "T." To those who failed to recognize the autograph as Time's, and asked for further proof, why—further proof was given in fragments of an hour glass, and splinters from a scythe. A hunter found Time sleeping there and foolishly discharged his gun to waken him, whereat the old man, in his hurry to escape, broke both his hour glass and scythe,—so ran the story. That Time did formerly delight to linger here can be established by the strongest evidentiary facts, for, "buried in the graveyard at the Manor, there are (so says McClune,) more persons who spent all their lives in this valley, whose ages varied from seventy-five to ninety-five years, than in any other burial ground in Chester county."

Prosaic lawyers like myself, must grant that "T" might stand for Time, but in this section of the country, it might appropriately stand as well for either thorns or thistles. Yet, as freeholders of the soil are not at all times scrupulously careful to mark or indicate the undesirable products of their properties, I reasoned with myself, this letter was the work of one whose thoughts were turned toward posthumous remembrance, of one whose observations had inclined him to the pessimistic view that in the preservation of a family name, self-interest is a greater force than love. The slab of marble that records ancestral vir-

tues is often suffered to decay, while monuments of title are carefully preserved. A letter such as this declares to legal minds: "This was the land of 'T'." But who was "T"? and what was "T"? "T" was a certain Joseph Trego, Jr., a faint reflection of Beau Brummell. An inventory of a decedent's estate is ordinarily a simple and uninteresting paper, but as I look upon the Trego inventory, it has for me the virtue of the "magic mirror," in accurately revealing the very personality of him whose goods it catalogues and values. The lusty miller who just now stood idly by the mill door, with arms akimbo, sleeves rolled up and vest all sprinkled over with meal, has slowly faded from my sight and in his place, behold! an elegant and starched gentleman whose dress—but how can I describe his shirt and waistcoat, and his irreproachable black velvet breeches, sparkling with silver buckles. The white stock that enfolds his neck is not so high as that on which Beau Brummell used to rest his chin and crease down to the proper level, but yet quite high enough to give distinction to his person. In some particulars my Brandywine beau is unlike Brummell, for Brummell always used gold buckles on white stocks, while Trego's taste inclines him to the use of silver. But should my readers value him the less on this account, I pray them to remember that Brummell lived in London, Trego in Nantmeal, and by that fact alone, he labored under serious disadvantages, for Nantmeal had no portrait painters to design cravats, nor was champagne so common that it might be used in polishing one's shoes. Superior gloss must be conceded to the London gallant, and yet, unless my fancy grossly errs, when Trego decked himself in his new buckskin breeches, with pistol and tomahawk by his side, and fancy fowling piece across his shoulder, he looked as glorious as Brummell ever did in riding coat and white-topped boots, or even as cornet of the 10th Hussars. Trego at least was not at any time reduced to one mean pair of trousers, for at his death, he left as

legacies a great variety of coats and breeches and shirts and linings. On his "loving father," he bestowed his "great coat" and "black velvet breeches;" to his loving father-in-law, he gave his newest "buckskin breeches;" to his brother, his "brown coat and white coat;" also his "white jacket," "yellow jacket and breeches;" while his silver stock buckle, knee buckles, sleeve buttons and brooches, silver watch, fowling piece, pewter ware, earthen ware and china, passed into the maw of the residuary legatees.



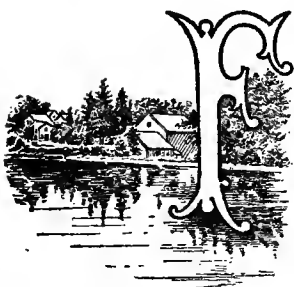


"HIS WHOLE OUTFIT WAS NOT WORTH A PENNY." Page 47.

IN THE STREAM.

"I cry for the water brooks, and pant for fresh streams and inland murmurs."

Charles Lamb—The Last Essays of Elia.



FROM Cupola to Lewis's Mills by the public road is about a mile—the distance by the railroad being somewhat shorter. Between them lies the Brandywine. For a quarter of a mile or more it flows close to the road, then suddenly turns toward the south and disappears.

One day, when standing at this bend looking at the colors that Autumn had sprinkled over the weeds and wild flowers that grew between the road and the edge of the water, I caught a glimpse of something white behind the purplish clusters of an unknown plant. Pressing forward to look at it more closely, I soon discovered it was the shirt of a little boy who was sitting on an old log, fishing. His whole outfit was not worth a penny, but I would willingly have given him the contents of a poor practitioner's pocket to have shared the contentment that shone in his face. A small branch—a bit of string—a bent pin—a quiet stream—a blue sky—made up his earthly Paradise. "Perhaps," as George Eliot observes in 'The Mill on the Floss'—"the fretted summer shade and stillness and the gentle breathing of some loved life near would be Paradise for us all, if eager

thought, the strong angel with the implacable brow, had not long since closed the gates.

Behind the trees that cast their shadows over the child was a gypsy encampment, whose most valuable possessions seemed to consist of a canvass tent, a house on wheels, with snow white beds all ready for occupancy, and a pair of slick and well conditioned horses. These in themselves were sufficient indications



that the owners were either thrifty or crafty—possibly both. The men of the camp had gone out to trade, but the mistress was there in front of the tent, resting herself on an empty box. For fifty years (according to her story) she had travelled over the country; now she was headed for the city, for I “feel,” said she, “as if my days are almost done.” Fifty years by the way-

side! What experiences were hers. Sleeping under trees, by unknown waters, "seeing the dawn and the sunset every day, above a new horizon." Before this house on wheels was built how comfortless her bed! how wretched her condition! Not wholly comfortless, however, nor unconditionally wretched, were I to judge the case by Don Quixote's views on poverty. Is the gypsy's bed too narrow "it is his own fault, for he may measure out as many feet of earth as he pleases, and roll himself thereon at pleasure, without fear of rumpling the sheets." But a storm was coming on, besides "it is an evil age for the gypsily inclined among men. He who sit square on a three-legged stool," says Stevenson, "he it is who has wealth and glory." With these reflections in my mind, I felt like hastening on, lest I, too, should acquire a taste for travel and lose my relish for Blackstone and Coke. Before leaving, I asked the granddaughters to stand for their pictures. One of them—the homelier of the two—promptly complied, but the other, a typical gypsy with beads and bracelets, flung herself upon a roll of blankets just inside the tent, and (much to my regret), refused to be identified with the Brandywine.

The bridge at Lewis's Mills is a new and substantial structure that has successfully stood the double tests of floods and broken dams. As I stand for a minute on the central arch of this bridge and look down on the stream below, it seems to me as if its waters, after resting for a little while in the dam, actually rejoice in finding their freedom once again, and flow with a livelier current. Do you doubt it? Look at those little breakers chasing each other as they go rushing on to Wyebrooke.

This part of the Brandywine is one of the homes of the small mouthed black bass. What rare sport this fish has furnished the anglers of the Brandywine. Bass—small mouthed black bass—the very thought of thee is more exhilarating than a fee! Did you ever dally with this thought a little? Try it,

and you will find yourself not metaphorically, but actually in the current. Lured by the picture of a possible catch, I have seen hard headed lawyers lay down their briefs, careful justices forget their fees, calculating merchants drop their account books, and even reverend ministers leave off the preparation of their sermons before secondly was reached.

What lover of streams—what follower—what reader of Isaak Walton can deny the attractive power of bass? An indifferent fisherman myself, I have often sought them in their favorite haunts, but rarely, very rarely, found them home.

I love this spot, for my first experience was here. These self-same trees which over-arch this stream to-day, revivify for me a spent sensation. Again I find myself pushing "Brightly" aside and reading the reports of the Fish Commissioners of Pennsylvania on the habits and peculiarities of small mouthed black bass. Confidently relying upon the accurate knowledge thus obtained, of short rods and plain floaters, gut leaders and Limerick hooks, an accomplished theoretical fisherman starts out with a borrowed line and the spirit of Don Quixote, headed for Wyebrooke.

For the uninitiated let me say, that there are many theories for catching bass—all set forth in well bound books upon the subject—which theories are somewhat hard to reconcile. One authority declares the only way is to set your rod and wait for the bass to come along and take the bait. There is much that recommends this theory to legal minds, but another writer asserts that if you would catch bass, and not merely fish for them, you must hunt them as a gunner hunts rabbits. Now the latter theory having the support of the well known maxim, "He succeeds best who is constantly on the search," seemed to deserve my adoption, so I adopted it. Of course such sayings as "Fish in the edge of the eddies;" and "Give the bass time enough to gorge the bait," were trite and needed no debating. The serious

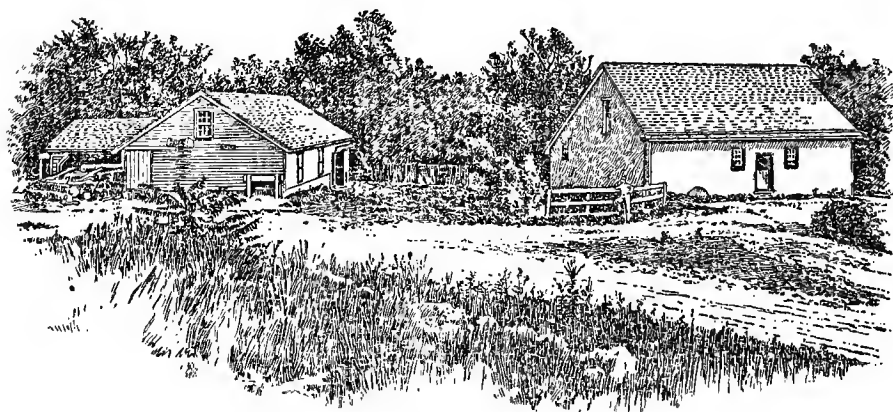


"THE BRIDGE AT LEWIS'S MILLS." Page 49.

question of bait or flies I had already determined. At first I inclined toward flies, but what flies? Toodle Bug, Shipley's Jewel, Lord Baltimore, or Silver Doctor? Toodle Bug sounded too common for a five pound Brandywine small mouthed black bass, and between the other noble names I could not discriminate. Besides, fly fishing while more exciting is less honorable than the vulgar way of bait. Dr. Prime had decided that for me years ago. "In both cases you deceive the fish, but with the fly you mock him with the semblance of the insect, and he jumps for it and is caught with a bare hook; in the latter he takes the veritable food he needs and dies at his dinner." I therefore determined on worms. These questions and similar ones all solved, the train stopped—I reached the spot—waded in and threw. It was a nice hook, of the largest size and well barbed, but had a strange affinity for trees. An overhanging branch and it came to an agreement at once. I separated them with much trouble and threw again—this time with care. I pulled out my watch to see if I had struck their feeding time, when whiz! out went my line. Can it be possible, thought I, that by some mistake a bass has seized my bait at last? For the first time I experienced that strange thrill, that electric sensation, that a bass on your line transmits to the pole in your hand, and through the pole to you. "I'll wind him up a little and get a look at his mouth," I said. It is a bass and a big one, but the stone I stand on is a slippery one. What if the bass should strike my leg? There—I really think I felt his tail. Seriously, this creek seems too narrow for the manoeuvres of such a fish. He must have gorged himself enough by this time. True, the worm was a big one, still, if I remember rightly, the text books say, when worms are bait, gorging is unnecessary. I will land him—I mean I would land him if I had a net. Why didn't I consider the possibility of hooking this kind of fish. Even an old fashioned scoop net would do, or a

store box, or a big shovel. Not a thing in sight ; I'll wind up the line and catch him with my hands. "Click, click"—it *was* a slippery stone I stood on. I thought so once, I know it now. I grab at something as I slip, and find when I rise that I have gripped a bass—a black bass—small mouthed and alas, small bodied—by actual measurement just seven inches.

Do bass shrink as the result of strenuous effort? My experience is not sufficient to enable me to answer this affirmatively, but I know they lengthen rapidly when once they are caught. Bass that measure only a foot at the creek side in the afternoon often grow to twenty inches by evening. The length of a bass, a score at golf and an accomplice's testimony, have much in common.



LEWIS'S MILL.



‘A PICTURESQUE SPOT.’ Page 53.

WYEBROOKE.

“What is this castle call’d, that stands hard by?”
“They call it—Agincourt.”

Shakespeare—Henry V.



WEST Nantmeal is the only township in the county that can boast a palace fit for a king. Located on the highest hill of Wyebrooke, it can be seen for many a mile. Seen for the first time from a distance, it looks like fancy’s creation, such a palace as one might behold in his dreams after reading the story of Alladin, such as a roc might drop in passing, or a genie summon from the bowels of the earth. A little nearer, it presents the appearance of a great institution built according to architectural rules which have not for their chief object the elimination of the beautiful. Close at hand, you inquire and learn from a resident of the township that it is the home of William M. Potts.

Wyebrooke is a picturesque spot, perhaps the most picturesque spot on the Eastern Brandywine. No reader of Victor Hugo can visit it without involuntarily thinking of the novelist’s curious reflections on the letter Y. “Have you ever noticed,” writes he, in a letter to his wife, on the road to Aix-Les-Bains, “what a picturesque letter Y is with its numberless significations?”

“A tree is a Y ; the parting of two roads is a Y ; the confluence of two rivers is a Y ; an ass’s or ox’s head is a Y ; a glass as it stands on its foot is a Y ; a lily on its stem is a Y ; a suppliant raising its hand to heaven is a Y.” Hugo would make the alphabet contain trees, rivers, roads, destiny and God. Most of us will not follow him so far ; many of us will even disagree with him in some of his statements relative to certain letters, but the most careless visitor to Wyebrooke can not fail to observe that the Y’s of this place contribute much to its picturesque. It has Y’s “pushed into a sensitive excess ;” Y’s which do unconsciously affect the spectator. What would it be without the parting of the roads beyond the bridge, without the siding running off to the deserted fulling mill, without the junction of Perkin’s Run with the Brandywine ? There is wildness here, and beauty,—beauty touched with sadness, as one looks at Isabella Furnace. “Where is it ?” you ask. Walk down this eastern hillside and you will find it near the base. You hesitate ? You fear to interrupt the workmen ? There are no workmen now,—the fires are out, the place is tenantless. A stream, called Perkin’s Run, divides the plant unequally, but pathologically. Upon the western side, between the edge of the run and the charcoal houses—all bright and clean in their galvanized coats—the case is one of temporarily suspended animation, of deep unconsciousness, that even yet might be brought back to life ; but on the eastern side, decay is hopeless. See ! there in front of you it lies—a few dismantled buildings—broken roofs and smokeless stacks—some ore, old iron and timber. A melancholy spot ; a roost for owls ; a resting place for wandering beggars ; and yet at times a dangerous resting place. One night a mischievous old owl returning to his roost, observed some bold intruders lying here and lustily let out his screech full in their ears. It sounded like a whistle’s call to work. Upstarting from their sleep, the shadows of these great black stacks seemed



“ISABELLA FURNACE.” Page 54.

to their drowsy eyes like confirmations of the awful thought. For just a moment (as they afterwards confessed) they felt the pulse beat of a laborer's life, and then ran rapidly away. The shoes they left behind them in their flight, still lie beneath that mass of weeds and tangled grass which marks the course of the old railroad track up which they fled, and some maintain, the owl may even yet be seen at midnight on his ancient perch, keeping a careful watch for all intruders.

Were I a local historian, I might profitably divide this afternoon between walking up Perkin's Run beyond the forge dam, to Lewis's Little Mill, and searching for a reservation known as Jenkins' Acre. Were I a botanist, these tangled vines and flowers and shrubs that meet my eyes, no matter where I look, would hold me equally as long, and furnish equal entertainment. Were I a mineralogist, congenial occupation could be found in speculating on the richness of some specimens of ore, picked up at random, at Wood's Ore Bank. But being none of these, and having passed the morning here, I wait just long enough to sketch a group of laughing girls upon the bridge over Perkin's Run, and travel on toward Barneston.

About a mile from Barneston, on the south side of the Brandywine road leading to Glen Moore, a little west of an hydraulic cider mill, stands a wide mouthed, big throated old stone chimney to which a frame house has recently been attached. Within a radius of three-quarters of a mile or less, three other chimneys, similarly constructed, may be found, some of them older, but none so large as this, which measures almost thirteen feet across its base. To see the fireplace, one must go to the cellar, for the present frame building rests upon the ruins of a little log house with which this chimney was intimately associated before it formed its later, and to my eye, most incongruous union. Almost two centuries ago, the agencies of civilization began to dot the valleys of Nantmeal

with little log houses. Their construction needed neither architect nor carpenter. Unhewn logs and short pieces of wood for filling, a bed of common mortar made of clay and straw, such were the materials out of which the settlers built them, taking care to set them up on rising ground, near to a spring. Twenty by thirty was the usual size, with two doors opposite each other, and an added chimney.

After the Peace of 1763, McClune says, "these log houses were largely replaced by houses with the east end, which experience had taught them was most liable to decay, occupied by a chimney which extended the entire length of the house. In one corner of this capacious chimney a small window was placed, by the light of which the female members of the household plied the spinning wheel. The other corner of the chimney served as a convenient place for storing the juvenile portion of the family in the winter evenings."

How interesting it would be to know the history of this old chimney. What children crowded its corners to warm themselves by the crackling logs? What fair Olivia spun the flax, and when the reel was wound, looked down upon the glowing embers near her feet and sought to read her future in them? Right hospitable must its fires have seemed to some tired father returning from the wearisome task of opening roads and bridging swamps. To smell the fragrant cedar on the hearth, to listen to the sputtering of the great green logs, was comfort and companionship. Ah, if thou couldst but speak, old chimney, thou wouldst more fittingly express the thoughts that flit across my mind; wouldst touch them with a glow of fire, and with what willingness would I repeat thy words; for when I fain would draw a picture, this rough indicting pen of mine does naught but stick and spatter.

In 1777, Nantmeal's assessor returned that not a piece of silver plate could be found in any house of the township.



"If Thou Couldst But Speak, Old Chimney." Page 56.

Nantmeal is richer now ; but I sometimes wonder as I stand by the ruins of one of these old chimneys, whether a portion of her riches might not be profitably exchanged for the vanished fancies of the fire-light. On the summit of St. Bernard, Read wrote what many a settler's family had often felt :

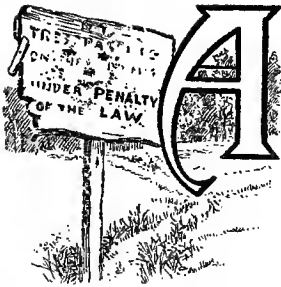
“ Oh, it is a joy to gaze
Where the great logs lie ablaze ;
Thus to list the garrulous flame
Muttering like some ancient dame ;
And to hear the sap recount
Stories of its ancient mount.”

And stories these old Nantmeal logs could tell. Not the commonplace stories that we hear from the little billets of wood that blaze for a few moments in our open hearths to-day ; but inspiring stories of Indian heroism, weird stories of Indian treachery, stories of vengeance, of battle, of blood ; for in southern Nantmeal was the site of Indiantown, and winding to the westward of yon hill beyond the Brandywine, the Northern Branch of Indian Run still seeks the shadows of the woods.

SPRINGTON MANOR.

"Be sure to remember Springtown."

James Logan to Isaac Taylor.



N ugly, weather beaten trespass sign admonishes me the woods I am about to enter is forbidden ground, or was so years ago, for by its looks some generations must have passed since first this notice raised its head to threaten travelers with the pains that follow tortious entry.

Many a baffled hunter has expressed his rage at its fidelity by sprinkling it with shot, but maimed and battered it still holds its place, still shows its teeth, and looks more ominous than ever, since now the only words distinctly visible are "penalty-of-the-law."

When first this sign confronted me, so sudden and so unexpected was it, that I felt as if an agent of the great Proprietor had thrust himself across my path and challenged me to show my right of way; as if some officer of John Taylor's time had halted me and searchingly inquired if I were ignorant that the land that lay about me was embraced within the boundaries of Springton Manor.



"THE BRIDGE OVER PERKIN'S RUN." Page 55.

“The unfortunate Manor of Springtown,” as James Logan called it, gave the Proprietor much trouble. Two fruitless efforts were made to lay it out, one in West Bradford, the other on a branch of Pickering Creek; finally the judgment of Logan settled on this tract of ten thousand acres as “the only spott left” in the county of Chester to answer the holding expressed in nearly every patent of land granted in it.

It was a seat worthy of the “Lord of the Fee.” Like the plain of Jordan chosen by Lot, Springton was well watered everywhere. The Black Brandywine flowed through its southeastern corner, the Western Brandywine through its southwestern corner, while the Eastern Brandywine and the two branches of Indian Run plentifully supplied its interior. On the south a vacant barren mountain looked down upon the junction of Indian Run and the Eastern Brandywine. Up this mountain, along these streams frequented by Indians, John Taylor went surveying and marking, until at last on March 18-1729-30, he entered in his memorandum book,

“finished Springton manor.”

But Taylor was mistaken; Springton was not finished. Lines were to be adjusted, and the whole was to be divided into tracts of two hundred acres, “that being the quantity His Honor would have all the plantations on the manor to consist of, except where ye mill stands and there is to be at least seven hundred acres laid out;” and all this he was to do without regard to any improvements that had been made within the bounds of the Manor.

In making these divisions some delays occurred, which caused no little irritation; the tasks were irksome and trespassers were numerous, so numerous, that Taylor was directed to “charge the several persons who had settled on the manor land without a license for so doing, that they must speedily remove from thence, or else be prosecuted as the law directs.”

Day by day the impatience of the Proprietor increased. "Our proprietor has frequently asked me," writes James Steel, "if the manor of Springton was yet divided and the vacant lands in that neighborhood—Coventry and Nantmell—viewed and described as was desired to be done by thee."

Some spirited correspondence followed this note; requests became demands, and demands such as Taylor thought unreasonable. Coming home from the woods one night, in May of 1740, he found a letter there requiring him to bring in one week's time a draught of Springton Manor with its various divisions, and also draughts of all the other vacant lands in Coventry and Nantmeal.

The last part of the demand, as Taylor viewed it, was more than any one surveyor could comply with in a full month's time, and ten times as much as had ever before been given him in charge, so snatching up his pen he wrote—

"The danger of your displeasure in case of failure in any part as signified in James Steels letter instead of hurrying me on so vast a Task, has given me an entire discharge from all Drudgery of the kind, and I have no more to do than to wish you a better surveyor than one who is notorious to have done more for your interest, when your affairs seemed to call for the strictest assiduity, than any surveyor now living and I can wish your honor no greater felicity than to be as well pleased and easy as I am."

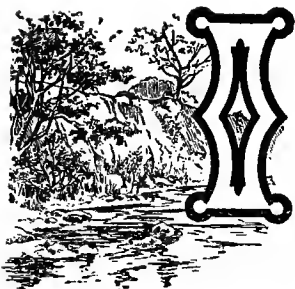


"ALONG THE PUBLIC ROAD BY SPRINGTON DAM." Page 65.

GLEN MOORE.

“Tho’ I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune’s slidd’ry ba’,
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I’ll mind you still, tho’ far awa’.”

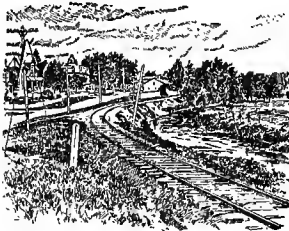
Burns—The Farewell.



IN 1811, a petition was presented to the Court of Chester County alleging great inconvenience for the want of a bridge across the Brandywine Creek at George Evans’s Mill, “said creek at that place being confined within a narrow and very rocky channel, frequently rising to enormous heights, which, added to the rapidity of the current, defies the efforts of the boldest travellers, as well as the most venturesome neighbors, entirely cutting off all communication between the east and west banks thereof.” The writer of this petition was no ordinary scrivener, nor legal pedant, nor technical adherent to old and outworn forms. A part of the description reads strangely like a page from Scott’s “Fair Maid of Perth”—a part of it resembles Fouque’s sketch of the swollen river in “Undine.” The rocks and the rushing stream are here, and it requires little fancy to hear the pine stems falling, and mark the tall man in white, grinning and nodding on the opposite shore. Near the mill, stand the petitioners, fearful for Un-

dine, but lacking in courage, anxiously waiting for the dauntless Hulbrand to come and cross the whirling current. We see all this and more to-day; the viewers saw it a half century ago, the grand jury also, but the prosaic Court saw nothing of it, they saw only an omission on the part of the viewers to report that the expense of erecting the bridge was too great for the township to bear, and rejected the petition.

In 1848, George Evans's mill became the property of James Moore, and the Village of Glen Moore sprang up. A passenger



traveling northward on the Waynesburg railroad who cares to view a point in the course of the Brandywine where its waters once defied the efforts of the boldest travelers to cross them, has but to look out of the car window when the conductor calls "Glen Moore," and keep his eyes upon the stream until the train passes

the upper end of the village.

In 1852, West Nantmeal was divided and a new township was formed, including nearly the same territory as the old manor of Springton, from which it first received its name. A year later the legislature changed it to Wallace, pleasing many of the inhabitants of that part of the country and dissatisfying a few. Among the latter was Dr. Benjamin Griffith, who sneeringly observed on one occasion (referred to by Judge Futhey): "Wallace, called, I suppose, after an old Scotchman who used to own Mormon Hollow."

Between Springton and Wallace, Doctor, why not Wallace? Apply the Shakespearean test,

"Write them together, it is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Wallace will start a spirit as soon as *Springton*."



"ON AN ISLAND NEAR ITS CENTRE, A LITTLE WHITE HERON." Page 65.

The settlers of Springton were almost entirely of Scotch Irish stock—descendants of Mackelduff, Alexander, Henderson, Starrett and Mackey. How unreasonable to ask their offspring to subordinate Wallace to Springton. Patriotism boasts no nobler name than Wallace. Very properly did they decline to yield to English or Welsh suggestions. England had no claim on this portion of Chester County and Wales had already contributed enough of unpronounceable names. Just across the Brandywine lay a township—with a name that doubtless met with Dr. Griffith's hearty approval—that even then (to say nothing of the years that have since elapsed) had broken more pens and caused more breaches of the Fourth Commandment than all the other townships in the county, with perhaps the solitary exception of Tredyffrin.

The village of Glen Moore is located on the western side of the Brandywine, and contains about fifty dwelling houses, three stores, two coal yards, a post office and a politician. Ordinarily it is a quiet, domestic, little place, but every year—on each recurring Fourth of July—it bestirs itself and publicly and patriotically welcomes its friends. The first time that I became acquainted with this custom I had come from Indian Run and was standing on the top of a hill looking at the country as it fell away to the Brandywine, when suddenly I heard the sound of music, followed by a few sharp cracks of a whip and the ringing of sleigh bells. I listened for a moment and then turned sharp about. Scarcely had I done so when two horses, puffing and foaming, with a wagon load of children all in white, rounded the bend of the road, and passing me at a mad gallop, dashed down the hill to the merry tune of "Yankee Doodle." I followed them but slowly, for my feet were sore from the stones of the creek. Sitting down to rest on the bank of the road, my eye was caught by a flaming advertisement, advising everybody that twelve "Colonial Dames" and forty-five "Beautiful Maidens" were ex-

pected to visit Glen Moore that evening at eight o'clock. I read it again, looked at my watch, and started at a quickstep, caring nothing for the trivial matter of supper, anxious only to reach the thoroughfare along which the matrons and maidens were announced to pass.

It is a good natured crowd that lines the roadside from Byerly's corner to Wagonseller's house—a crowd made up of farmers and their families, from Wallace, and the neighboring townships of West Nantmeal, West Brandywine and the Uwchlands. Jollily do they jostle each other in their efforts to make room for some young men from Honeybrook, who have driven ten miles to exhibit their first buggies and best girls. Here they come—every horse with a rosette, every girl with a ribbon, every whip with a bow. Open up a passage! Make room for these gallants and room for the little boy with the jaunty red cap and blue pantaloons, who tries to catch each ribbon that floats from the passing vehicles. Room for old 'Squire Dampman, too—whom the lawyers call "Pickwick," fond of an argument, but fonder yet of a line fence and a law suit. How I like to see him laugh. I hold with Robertson, "that man is a bad man who has not within him the power of a hearty laugh." The 'Squire's laughter starts at the very foundations, moves his feet, agitates his knees, shakes his stomach and then comes bubbling out of his mouth. Room, I say, for such a man, if every one else has to fall back. But why this delay? Are the maidens or the matrons responsible? Unless they hurry it will soon be dark. Possibly they look better in—no! the thought is treasonable, I'll not complete it. At last they come. Too late! I cannot now distinguish dames from maidens. Up the road they go, up toward Wagonseller's Park. The parade is over, the festival is beginning.



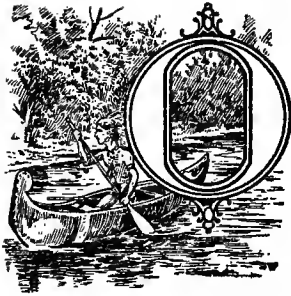
SQUIRE DAMPMAN.

INDIAN RUN.

“ The Dark-eye has left us,
The Spring-bird has flown,
On the pathway of spirits
She wanders alone.

The song of the wood-dove has died on our shore,
Mat wonck kunna-monee ! we hear it no more ! ”

Whittier—Song of Indian Women.



NE afternoon in early summer while walking along the public road by Springton Dam, I noticed on an island near its centre, a little white heron that stayed just long enough to let me catch it with my camera, and then, away it flew up Indian Run. So soft and white did the little heron look, and so swift was its flight that I could almost pardon old Pythagoras for his theory of transmigration—could almost believe myself that this light-winged bird that skimmed the surface of the dam so gracefully, was but the embodiment of some fair Indian maiden's spirit, revisiting the scenes of happy childhood, in a former life, by the quiet waters of Indian Run.

Silently does this stream make its contribution to Springton Dam—silently, almost invisibly. Invisibly? Yes! A stranger might sit on one of the piers of the railroad bridge, just oppo-

site the point where Indian Run discharges its waters without observing the slightest break in the western line of the dam, so numerous are the bushes, so thick is their foliage. Above the iron bridge on the public road leading to Springton Station, Indian Run looks wider, and in some places really is wider than below. Here and there, big boulders divide the stream and little stones have been thrown in beside them; sometimes purposely to dam the water, or divert the current, sometimes with no other



object than to break the silence that pervades the place. Near a large rock, where I always stop to muse awhile, a kindly-tempered farmer has flung a bridge across for loiterers like myself. Judging from the numerous bits of Chinese napkins that I see about me on the ground, some picknickers have used it lately, but this afternoon absolute silence rules. For me the sound of merry voices here would be most inharmonious, would seem like profanation. The feeling that the place inspires is one of sadness. Mournfulness is born of the spot, or else of the reflection that this retreat was not originally made for me—God made it for the Indian, and I stand here—

“upon his ashes . . .
Beside a stream he loved.”

A half mile further up, near the blacksmith shop of James Myers, the North and South Branches of Indian Run meet. By taking the South Branch, you will find yourself moving toward Brandywine Manor, and later discover that you are circling through bushes and swamps to Cupola. The North Branch, on the other hand, will lead you into the heart of a great wood, solitary and lonesome, where there are no roads and where the



"MOURNFULNESS IS BORN OF THE SPOT." Page 66.

few remains of wagon tracks are covered up with weeds. So often have I wandered through this wood, I know each mossy rock, each bank of ferns, each quiet pool. The giant grapevines that entwine themselves about the trees and creep far up into the branches, or twist themselves in curious convolutions on the ground, even these have lost their serpentine appearance and become familiar. And yet at times both rocks and vines seem most unfriendly; the former set their slippery traps for me, and when I leave the stream, the grapevines catch me in their coils and fling me down upon the stones and rotten leaves.

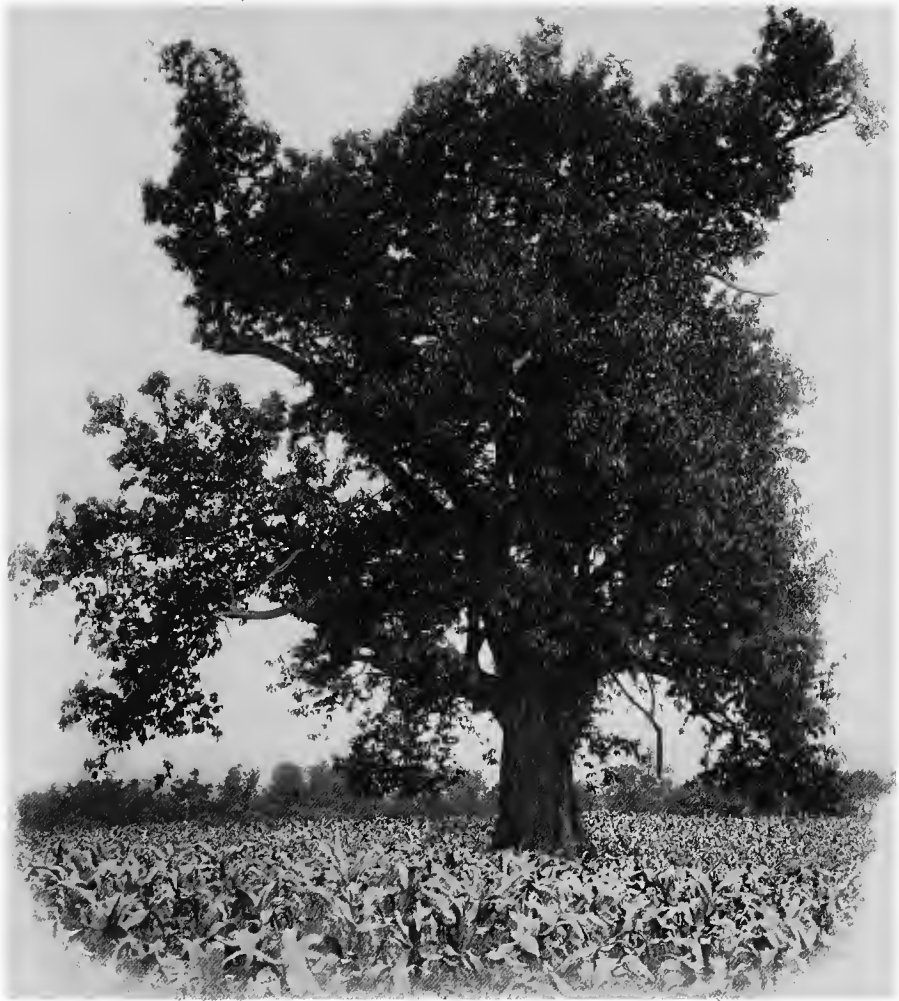
One afternoon late in the summer, as I sat on a fallen tree that formed a kind of rustic bridge across the run, and watched a spider adjusting its net, I heard a weird and mournful sound and then a piercing cry—like the wail of a lost soul. A madman or wild cat? Which? At once the wood took on a lonelier look, the very foliage appearing thicker, darker, gloomier. Another cry—and stumbling over rocks and vines, I started for what seemed an open space and found myself close by an Indian Burial Ground.

The chestnut tree that marks the spot is old, perhaps two centuries old, and measures more than twenty feet around its base. In winter time it looks like some gigantic sentinel, in summer, it becomes a green memorial, where flickers lodge, and squirrels play. Of all the life about me it alone beheld the white man come and saw the Indians go. To-day decay is slowly creeping over it, and some of its branches will never green again. Decaying? Yes! dying, but dying with dignity, unmoved by storms, defying the lightning, its great trunk guarding well the bones of the Delawares who sleep beneath its roots.

“O peeled, and hunted, and reviled,
Sleep on, dark tenant of the wild!
Great Nature owns her simple child!”

Between this Burial Ground and the present Village of Glen Moore, Indiantown was located near two great springs. This was the town to which Checochinican referred when he complained to the Governor that a survey had been made to James Gibbins, of "the Town at the Head of Brandywine," despite James Logan's promise to the Indians that no person should have a conveyance of lands within their claim. To the east of town lay the Valley of the Brandywine, to the west, the Valley of Indian Run. Northwardly the wood stretched out to the mountains. The streams supplied the Indians with abundance of fish, the woods with game, but they were not dependent for sustenance wholly upon either fishing or hunting. When Daniel and Alexander Henderson settled in this end of Nantmel they discovered that the natives had partially abandoned their nomadic habits, were raising a little corn and tobacco, and even planting a few fruit trees.

The Burial Ground, about two or three bow-shots west of the town, comprises less than half an acre. When the Hendersons purchased it in 1737, they solemnly promised that the Indian graves should not be disturbed. This promise they faithfully kept and it has never been broken by their descendants. The Burial Ground still holds its secrets, and when I saw it last the waving corn was covering these graves with a wealth of green, and the venerable Chestnut tree was spreading out its branches as if in benediction.

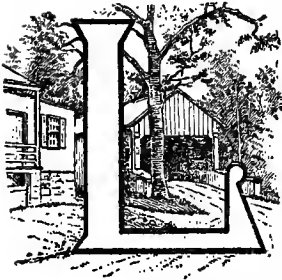


“AS IF IN BENEDICTION.” Page 68.

LYNDELL AND THE PAXTANG ROAD.

“Nothing makes an inroad without making a road.”

—*Horace Bushnell.*



LYNDELL is a station on the Waynesburg Branch of the Pennsylvania Railroad, where the farmers of East Brandywine and Upper Uwchlan deliver milk, and where Mr. Murphy takes the train. Mr. Murphy is an oil millionaire who lives over the hill at Milford Mills. Mr. Murphy's advent at the station in the morning always makes a rattling among the milk cans, for milk is a common commodity in these fat pasture lands, while Murphy millionaires are scarce.

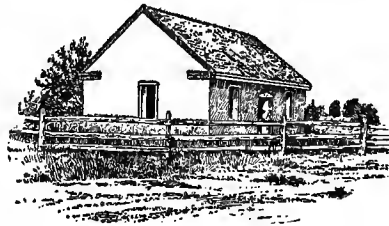
This morning the train for Downingtown is on time; so is the milk, and so is Mr. Murphy. A minute later, the brakeman signals "all right," Mr. Murphy and the milk go to Philadelphia, the farmers' wagons rumble over Lyndell bridge, and I am left alone.

Before Mr. Murphy came to Upper Uwchlan—before the Waynesburg Branch was built—before the oldest of the farmers who have just left me was born—yes, a hundred years before—a Provincial road skirted the south of Springton Manor and

crossed the Brandywine very near this point. "Every road has its story," says Horace Bushnell, "and the burden of every story is a need—the greater the need, the better the road, and the longer and more important the story."

You can read the story of this Provincial road—if you care to—in the dusty Colonial Records, but if you prefer to listen to a shorter version of the story, to see a portion of the road as it now appears, to pick a few wild strawberries along its bank, come with me across the bridge and get ready to climb the hill in front of us.

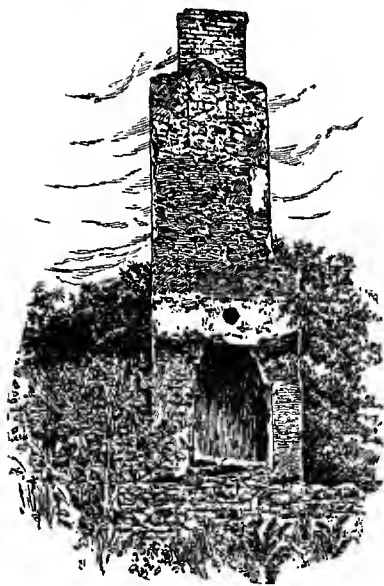
For a quarter of a mile our road rises quickly—so quickly that it tests one's wind and muscle to follow it. However, upon reaching the top of the rise, it is pleasant to discover that for several miles at least there are no further hills to mount. From this point our road runs westward, close to the southern border of Wallace Township, and offers a view of the south side of what appears on the map of Springton Manor as "a vacant barren mountain." The so called "mountain" lies to our right, and looks but little higher than our point of view. On the same side of our road—a mile further on—we shall come to an abandoned school-house, with a date board painted 1812.



These figures now stand out in strong relief, the wood about them being partly eaten out by snow and sleet and rain. Deserted by its patrons, with doors all broken in and shutters loosened from their hinges, this school-house doggedly maintains its ground against the wintry blasts that howl through every open window and seek to overturn it. Its usefulness is over? No! its mission is but changed. It offers now the shelter of its roof and walls to every friendless wanderer that passes by. "Earth's disinherited" all doff their caps to "Locust Grove."



"LYNDELL." Page 69.



Locust Grove was once the centre of an independent school district, and has an interesting history; so has the stone chimney by the roadside a mile or so beyond it, but my story has to do with neither school-house nor chimney. In the good old days of 1736, when Patrick Gordon rejoiced in the title of Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Pensilvania, New Castle, Kent, and Sussex, Richard Buffington, —a well known farmer of Chester County—and ten other men, laid out a road about seventy miles in length, from Susquehannah River, near the house of John Harris, in Pextan Township, Lancaster County, to the plantation of Edward Kinnison, in our township of Whiteland.

Before this road entered Whiteland, it passed through the townships of Nantmeal, Caln, and Uwchlan, running near the Presbyterian Meeting House (now Brandywine Manor), and crossing Brandywine Creek (the Eastern Brandywine) and one of its branches.

Scarcely had the road been returned to the Council at Philadelphia, when a number of objections were made to it by inhabitants of Whiteland, Uwchlan, and Caln. Obstinate himself, urged fewer reasons for Christian's abandonment of the Heavenly highway, than these objectors presented for the rejection of this road as laid out. There were mountains to cross—mountains scarcely passable for carts, there were swamps and low grounds with spectres of insupportable charges, and farms cut into useless strips. Besides these weighty reasons

there was the more serious allegation that a number of the viewers had never so much as seen many parts of the road.

Against such aspersions Buffington and his companions asked to be heard and vindicated, declaring with some little heat that they had chosen the most commodious places. In this declaration, they were backed by many inhabitants of "Uwehland" and "Nantmill," who stoutly maintained that the road was generally convenient, and that great care had been used in selecting its route.

Both parties were heard by the Provincial Council, after which the opponents of the road, either from their inability to bear the charges of a review, or having resolved upon a policy of delay, withdrew their objections and the road was confirmed. A year later when the Lancaster portion had been cleared for a distance of fifty miles, discoveries, or pretended discoveries, were made that the courses, distances and marked trees in the line laid out in Chester County, did not fully agree with those given in the viewers' return. For any surveyor and chainmen to take the courses and distances of a long road through bushy and rough woods so that they shall exactly agree with the account of another surveyor with a different instrument and different chainmen, is a patent impossibility, but it was urged that the variance in the Paxtang Road was too great—in many places—as much as a quarter of a mile—and that the road crossed plantations and pieces of meadow land where it was never intended to be laid.

"A gentleman of the Law" by the name of Hamilton, argued the case of the petitioners, after which Mr. Eastburn, the Surveyor General, who had measured several of the disputed courses and distances, was called to give his views. Mr. Eastburn admitted some small variation between the lines of marked trees and the courses returned by the viewers, but denied that the variation was material or greater than would hap-

pen between "one artist and another," allowing for the difference of instruments and chain carriers. Having heard the "gentleman of the law" and the "artist," the Council appointed reviewers, who shifted the route in western Nantmeal a little south. East of Brandywine Manor Church to the Eastern Brandywine, the change was very slight. This part of the road might be represented by a dipper—its handle at the church, its cup in the stream. Upon the return of the reviewers, in 1738, the former order of confirmation was amended, and the road, as returned by them, was formally declared to be the King's Highway. In addition, the Justices of the Peace were recommended to issue directions to the Overseers of the Highway, at the next Quarter Sessions, to open the road and render it commodious for public service.

The Justices of the Peace must have ignored the recommendation of the Council, or else the Overseers of the Highways turned a deaf ear to their directions, for twelve years later we find the settlers of Lancaster county seriously complaining of its condition. "When we come about a mile from Nantmeal," they say, "we come into narrow lands about twenty foot in breadth, fenced on both sides and in many places incumbered with logs, stumps and great stones where it is very difficult to pass and to avoid bad or dangerous places in the road, and we suppose that in the distance from the County line to the Great Valley Hill, which may be computed to be twelve miles there is not five miles of the said road but is fenced about."

A significant commentary on this complaint is furnished by a report of a Nantmel jury in 1745, who select "a stump in the Paxtang Road" for their point of beginning. Corroborated by such a report, we should be inclined to regard the complaint of these Lancastrian settlers as not altogether unreasonable, did not our road dockets acquaint us with more wretched conditions elsewhere. Twenty feet does seem like an unsatisfactory width

for a Provincial road, and yet even with encumbrances of stumps and stones, the facilities for travel which such a road afforded, were certainly superior to those presented by many of the roads in the southern portion of the county a half century later. How slight the grievance of these Lancastrians seems when compared with that of Doctor Allinson, of Londongrove, who states to the court that "he has been repeatedly in jeopardy both of life and limb,—likewise his eyes and teeth have very often narrowly escaped being scratched and torn out—his profession hourly exposing him to ride by day and night, in despite of wind and weather along roads which are washed and torn by rains into gullies and deep rutts, their *narrowness* in many places prevents a person travelling on horseback from passing a team or passing another person riding to or from mills with a bag under him." How fervent his prayers "that the court will consider his age—that he is become so corpulent that he cannot bow or stoop to avoid the Limbs of Trees that hang over the road—his unwieldiness rendering him liable to be torn by said limbs of trees from his horse, and that he has several times in consequence thereof nearly lost both life and limb."

The infirmities that wait on corpulency, ought to have appealed most strongly to the conscience of the Court.

" Those that can pity, here
May if they think it well let fall a tear ;
The subject will deserve it."

I blush for Londongrove—but this is a digression—let me come back to the Paxtang Road.

"Divers swamps" was one of the objections urged against it. The same objection had been previously made to another Provincial road running to Nutt's Furnace ; but here again Nantmel is to be congratulated, for we find the inhabitants of New London about the same time, protesting against the confirmation of a road and giving as "ye reason" that "there are fifteen



"OUR ROAD RISES QUICKLY." Page 70.

swamps that said road leads across." The climax, however, was reached in another township, where "at the instigation of one man the jury were induced to so far vary from the proper course that they brought the road to a *prodigious swamp*—even such a swamp that the jury themselves didn't choose to Run the Risk to Ride through it, but was obliged to quit their horses and climb along the fence to get over it."

Imperfect as the Provincial and other public roads were by reason of their narrowness and incumbrances, they were decidedly preferable to the bridle paths and roads on sufferance, which were continually subject to alteration, so that people were constantly subjected to disappointment, not knowing when they set out in the morning by what crooked route they might be compelled to return at night. "New settlements," complains one, "renders our journeys very difficult and dangerous, by reason of the intricate turnings made by the new settlers." Even those who had settled near barren lands over which they had passed without hindrance for years, saw these lands taken up and the old roads fenced and otherwise interrupted. In melancholic rhythm they declare that "Settlements are yearly made and making on lands whose barrenness might have reasonably been thought to have proclaimed their security of an uninterrupted road to futurity."

When the first "return" of the Paxtang Road was attacked, sinister motives were attributed to those favoring a change of route. It was said that they wished to perplex and protract travelers on their journeys, "by forcing them out of the way the Lands or Houses of Persons desirous to keep or set up Taverns." This was not an uncommon objection. Petitioners were frequently charged with trying to promote the interests of some particular hostelry, while on the other hand the absence of a near-by inn occasionally caused a protest, and was sometimes assigned as a reason for refusing a road. In one instance,

reviewers of a route that had been favorably reported, declared their opposition on the ground that "there is no house to recline travellers, no, not so much as a run of water for several miles."

The Paxtang Road was bountifully supplied with water, and it was hardly completed when James Graham, of Nantmel, undertook to provide for the reclination of the traveling public. He alleged that "he had" an improvement, and that there was "no House of Entertainment, from Lancaster County Line to James Trego's at ye sign of the White Horse, where the said road leads into the Provincial Road, which comes from Lancaster Town to Philada. the said distance being about seventy miles."

The Paxtang Road took its name from the township in which it started. As soon as it was opened it was called the Paxtang, Pextan or Paxton Road. Later on—seventy years later—it was sometimes erroneously referred to as the Old Lancaster Road. After the Horse Shoe Road was laid out in 1752, from Brandywine Manor church to Downingtown, connecting with the Paxtang Road at the church, the first three names were frequently applied to it.

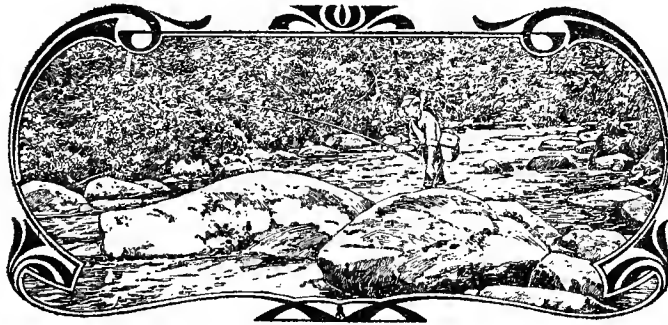
I love the old road dockets of Chester County, with their rough draughts, quaint expressions, curious arguments and warnings to the court. How delightfully refreshing to find an order of Court perfumed with a few drops of wit! In one case where John Thomas was appointed a viewer, the Clerk considerably added in parenthesis, "alias ready money," in order that the jury might know what member was expected to pay the expenses of "reclining."

An inspection of these dockets shows that the first mill owners along the Brandywine rather enjoyed a rhetorical flourish. They asked the granting of roads "for the importing of wheat and the exporting of flower." But I must leave them. In making my exit I cannot refrain from quoting a preface that



"MEMORIALS OF FORMER MILLS." Page 80.

would have done credit to Antony: "Ye following lines are addressed to you for y^t I have some confidence y^t you will construe my rustick way of writing so as not to make me an offender for a misplaced word when my intention is otherwise, but were I master of that elocution, y^t politeness of style, accuracy of speech, such coherency of expression, as many in the country are I should have presented it to your whole fraternity of y^e bench, were it worthy of their consideration but y^t not being my talent I'll let it drop."



FROM SPRINGTON DAM TO DORLAN'S MILLS.

"Here is the land
Shaggy with wood,
With its old valley,
Mound and flood."

Emerson—Hamatreya.



ACK again to Springton Dam! How beautiful it looks in the morning light, with the weeping willows near its breast dipping their branches far down into its waters. No! these are but reflections that I see; reflections, though, that seem like veritable realities. I could linger here for hours had I the hours to give, but the road to Downingtown is long and the sun is leaping upward; I must go. A church that stands close by the roadside invites my notice as I pass, and bids me welcome; at least its doors are open. Doors, did I say? its windows, end and roof, are open. I enter it and look around. No ushers show me to a seat, no offerings are asked for, nor do I see a single worshipper. The church has passed into a ruin, apparently without a mourner. It once was owned by Methodists, and afterwards was leased by Spiritualists, but now is claimed by no one. For some, no doubt the place has sacred memories, but none whatever for the sacrilegious wretch who scribbled on these walls his ribald blasphemies.

Within the wood that seems to stretch indefinitely along this road, and in the meadows opposite, old "Davy" Nethery gathered burdock, pennyroyal and other herbs, and some affirm



"THE CHURCH HAS PASSED INTO A RUIN." Page 78.

that here he hunted blacksnakes for their tongues. A curious character was "Davy," but not more singular, perhaps, than other products of "Mormon Hollow."

In traveling through southern Chester County, I frequently have sought to find a barren spot called "Scroggy," but always unsuccessfully, the invariable response to every inquiry being "a little further south." Even "Tom" Lee, whose farm lies on the border of Maryland, assures me most seriously, as he points across the Octoraro, "Scroggy is a little further south." In looking for "Mormon Hollow" in northern Chester County, this experience is duplicated—with some changing of the compass. When I stand upon ground that seems to answer every condition, the owner whispers to me confidentially, "a little further north." Occasionally I find a resident who tries to shift it to another township, but how useless his effort, for the stain of Mormonism rests on the escutcheon of West Nantmeal. Mormon seed sprouted in West Nantmeal's soil, and Mormon converts were baptized in the Brandywine near Ackland's Mill. It is said that Joseph Smith himself once spoke in West Nantmeal Seminary. This is doubtful, but some sinister and potent influence led many of the inhabitants of West Nantmeal to leave their Brandywine homes, and follow the slimy tracks of the vile prophet as far as Nauvoo—a few, even underwent the hardships to which the sect was subjected before it finally settled in Salt Lake Valley; the rest, frightened at the fate of Smith, renounced their creed and returned to Chester County.

Of all the converts who left "Mormon Hollow" to seek ecclesiastical preferment, Edward Hunter was the most prominent. His tract of four hundred acres on the Brandywine was divided, and the greater part conveyed to John Cornog. In his deed to Joseph Reed, the following language is used:

"This indenture made the twenty-third day of May in the year of our lord one thousand eight hundred and forty six

between Edward Hunter and Ann his wife late of West Nantmeal Township Chester County and State of Pennsylvania, but now *of Nauvoo in the State of Illinois or on the road from thence to California.*” Significant words. Smith had been killed—the Charter of Nauvoo had been defeated by the legislature of Illinois, and the Mormons were moving toward the Rockies. Hunter went with them and became a Bishop.

The road from Springton Dam to Dorlan’s Mills is nearly level, and for the most part shaded by trees on either side. At some places it almost touches the bank of the stream, at others it bears away, but not so far as to prevent your hearing the water splash against the rocks that lie along its course.

At one point where the stream divides, I noticed that the smaller branch appeared to haste with nuptial fondness toward another stream, and after meeting it, moved quickly onward toward a buttonwood, as if to ask the benediction of that venerable priest upon their union. Meanwhile a dogwood dropped its blossoms on their mingled currents. A little later on they joined the parent stream, and after flowing quietly through open fields, all radiant with sunshine, passed into the shadows of some overhanging firs.

Occasionally, you find memorials of former mills, and catch a glimpse of little islands fringed with green, or set in pebbles. Here and there you see a flock of sparrows bathing in the shallows, and on a rotten stump near by, some crows drying themselves in the sun.

At evening time other views present themselves, views of cattle coming through the bars, of tired horses at the troughs, of weary laborers returning home. From Springton to Cornog—from Cornog to Lyndell—from Lyndell to Reed’s Road—from Reed’s Road to Dorlan’s Mills—so runs the road.

The confluence of Marsh Creek and the Eastern Brandywine, just above Dorlan’s Mills, is a fit place for considering

some questions that are frequently asked about the Brandywine. How many branches are there? How many forks? What is meant by the Western Brandywine—the Northern Brandywine—the Middle Brandywine—the Eastern Brandywine—the Black Brandywine—the Little Brandywine?

There are but two branches to-day that bear the name of Brandywine; the Western, beginning in the northwestern part of Honeybrook, and the Eastern, in the northeastern corner of that township. These branches meet in East Bradford Township, less than a mile above Lenape Station, about seven miles below Downingtown, and their point of confluence is known as “The Forks.” When, however, this term is found in Colonial annals, or in legal and ecclesiastical papers, it often includes all the territory between the two streams, from their head-waters to their union. Brandywine Manor Church—the Church of the Forks of the Brandywine—is, as the crow flies, fifteen miles from the actual “Forks.” At the present time the name of Brandywine is applied to no other branches, but as late as the middle of the last century the Marsh Brandywine had not been disowned. It was variously known as the Eastern Brandywine or Eastern Branch, the Marsh Brandywine or Marsh Branch, and the Black Brandywine. It has its origin in the great Nantmeal Marsh, and its sluggish waters being “too lazy to keep themselves clean,” acquire a dark color from the leaves and mud that collect in the bottom of the stream. In 1832, when an application was made by some citizens of Uwchlan (at that time undivided) for a bridge over Black Horse Run, they describe the run as “a branch of the Black Brandywine.”

The Brandywine along whose banks thus far I have roamed, was formerly referred to as the Middle Brandywine or Middle Branch—the Northern Brandywine or Northern Branch—the Eastern Brandywine or Eastern Branch—and now and then as the Western Brandywine.

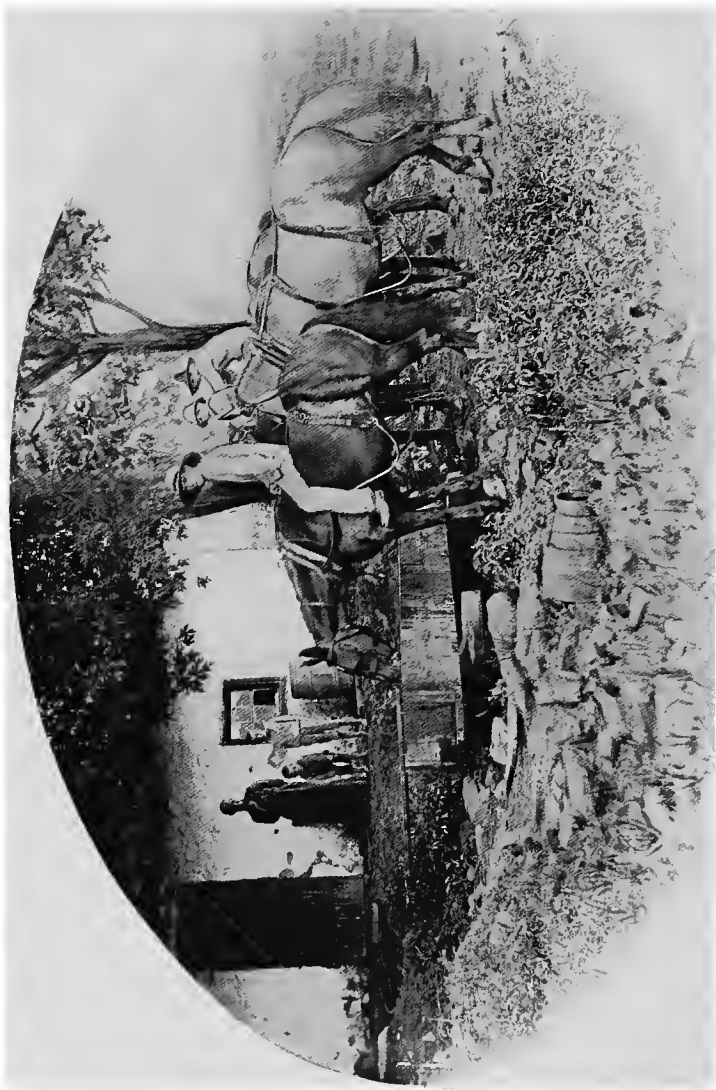
So long as the name of Brandywine was given to Marsh Creek *our* stream was really the Middle Brandywine. As its main source was higher than either of the others, it was not inappropriately called the Northern Brandywine, and considered with relation to the Marsh Brandywine, it was a Western Brandywine.

The Western Brandywine I have already mentioned. In consequence of its narrowness at a point where the Old Lancaster Road crosses it, near what is now Siousca—about a mile this side of “The Sign of the Wagon,” it was called the Little Brandywine.

It is well to remember these distinctions, and even when you know them thoroughly, you will be not a little perplexed upon meeting with a draught artistically drawn, designed to show the boundary line between the townships of West Nantmeal and Honeybrook, to find the surveyor giving the Western Stream its Eastern sister’s name.

“Brantewein,” says Watson, “is a word of Teutonic origin, which might have been used equally by Swedes and Dutch to express its brandy-colored stream.” “The endeavors I have used to ascertain the original names of this stream,” declares Lewis in 1824, “have been wholly fruitless.” Indian Hannah, “the last of her race that inhabited Chester County, always called it by the singular name which it at present bears; and whence this is derived or what occurrence determined it, is now but a subject of conjecture.”

At the time Lewis wrote, and for many years before, it was the common impression that the creek owed its name to the circumstance of a Dutch vessel freighted with brandy and wine, having been stranded at its mouth, or of a wagon loaded with the same liquors having been overturned into it in the early times of the provinces. Did the Dutch seek “to soothe their sorrow by naming the stream in memoriam, hoping, like Dogberry, to draw



“VIEWS OF TIRED HORSES.” Page 80.

comfort from their losses?" Bunce seems to think they did, and observes besides, that greater rivers have been named for smaller causes, "as is sadly witnessed by Big Horns and Little Horns, Snakes and Otter Tails." Lewis himself inclined to the opinion of Colonel Thomas, of Philadelphia, who thought the name was given to it on account of the color of the water, which formerly much resembled a mixture of brandy and wine. "This color," said he, "was occasioned by the water of a slough seven or eight miles above Downingtown (evidently referring to the Nantmeal Marsh) mingling with the stream. This slough appears to have been once a lake which has been drained at length by the deepening of the creek's channel."

Futhey and Cope, like Lewis, have ignored the derivation from the overturning of the Dutch vessel laden with brandy, in the Dutch language, "brandwijn," and the former two have given the distinguished honor to Andrew Braindwine, who at an early day owned lands near its mouth. "It was very common," say they, "in the olden times in the lower counties, as they were called (now the State of Delaware), to name streams after the dwellers upon their banks. This creek is shown by the old records to have been known as Fishkill until the grant of land to Andrew Braindwine in 1670, immediately after which it is referred to on the records as Braindwine's Kill or Creek, corrupted into its present form of Brandywine."

This Indenture is the fourth day of the fourth month full
 Just in the fourth year of the reign of King George the second Over Great Britain &c anno Domini 1731
 Between James Harlan of or near the Township of ^{East} ~~Green~~ in the County of Chester in the Province of New
 Brunswick His bondsmen of the one part and James Gibbons of West Town in the said County and
 Province of the other part Whereas the said James Harlan hath been Admitted by James
 Steel Esquire Receiver of the Proprietary to hold and improve Two Hundred Acres of Land lying &
 being upon the Branch of Brandywine called Richhates in Order to Satisfy the same when the Office for
 granting and confirming Titles of Land shall be opened Now This Indenture witnesseth
 That the said James Harlan for and in consideration of the sum of Forty pounds of good and lawful Mo-

In 1731, James Harlan conveyed to James Gibbons, of West-

town, a tract of five hundred acres of land in or near Nantmeal, "lying and being upon a branch of Brandywine, called Chichokatas."

I have made several efforts to locate this tract, but have not succeeded. The property was devised by James Gibbons to his sons, James and Joseph. What they did with it, neither the Register's nor the Recorder's office reveals. Indian authorities say the probable translation of Chichokatas is, "at the Ford," but unfortunately the translation—if correct—furnishes no clue to the tract or the stream.

Since writing the above I find in a reviewer's return on a West Nantmeal road in 1744, the following language: . . . "to a Hickory Tree by a Ford on a Branch of Brandywine Creek in James Gibbon's land."

This branch answers the conditions, and but for the fact that Gibbons owned a tract of twelve hundred acres in West Nantmeal, besides the one conveyed to him by James Harlan, I should regard Chichokatas as the Indian name for Two Log Run.

After all, my ignorance detracts but little from the pleasure I experience in watching the meeting of these waters, in feeling the rhythmic movement of the stream, in letting my thoughts flow onward with the current.

"Susqueco ! O Susqueco !
Whither do thy waters flow?
Under arches builded wide—
Rounded circles in the tide,
Under bridges mossy brown,
Through the meadows flowing down,
Through the woodland and the lea ;
Singing ever toward the sea,
Where thy song is hushed at last,
When the idle dream is passed
In the infinite and vast ;
Thither do thy waters flow,
Stream of beauty, Susqueco !"

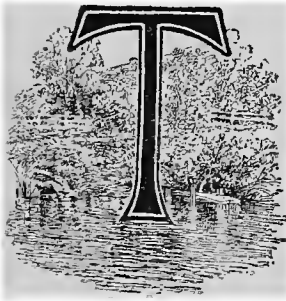


“THE CONFLUENCE OF MARSH CREEK AND THE EASTERN BRANDYWINE.” Page 80.

UP THE BLACK BRANDYWINE.

"The worm is sluggish and so is the river—the river is muddy and so is the worm. You hardly know whether either of them be alive or dead; but still in the course of time they both manage to creep away."

Hawthorne—American Notes.



HIS river of ours," said Hawthorne, contemplating the Concord, "is the most sluggish stream that I ever was acquainted with. I had spent three weeks by its side and swam across it every day before I could determine which way its current ran; and then I was compelled to decide the question by the testimony of others and not by my own observation. Owing to the torpor of the stream, it has nowhere a bright pebbly shore, nor is there so much as a narrow strip of glistening sand in any part of its course; but it slumbers along between broad meadows, or kisses the tangled grass of mowing fields and pastures, or bathes the overhanging boughs of elder bushes and other water loving plants."

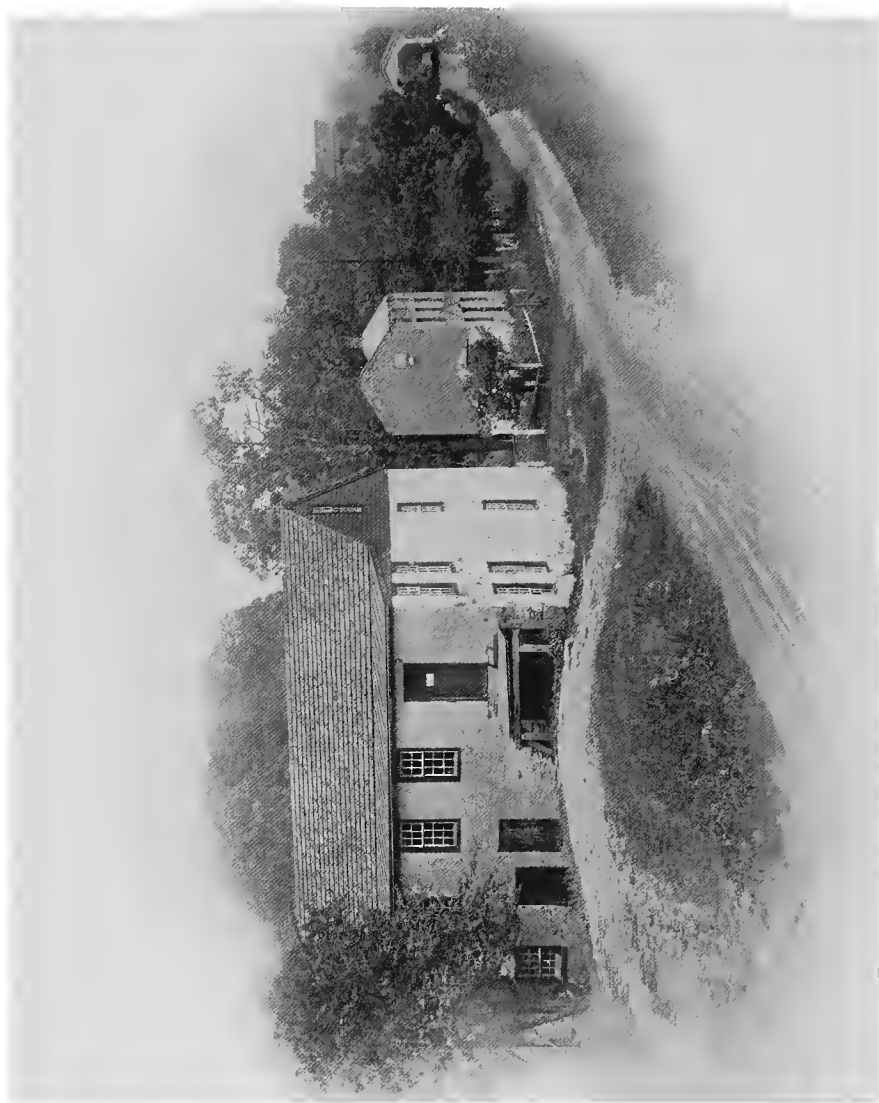
Widen the Marsh Brandywine to the width of Concord River, and Hawthorne's description of the latter might be adopted without the alteration of a word. Proportionately to

its size the Chester County stream can furnish as much black mud, while the half torpid worm which Hawthorne dug up for bait and used for soliloquy, still presents the fittest illustration of its sluggishness.

And yet, one evening at sunset, as Hawthorne, from a hill-top looked down on the Concord sweeping in a semi-circle round the hill on which he stood—the central line of a broad vale—when he discerned the shadows of every tree and rock imaged with a distinctness more charming than reality, when he saw the sky and the rich clouds of sunset reflected in its peaceful bosom, he felt it could not be so gross and impure as he had previously conceived it—“or if so,” said he, “it shall be a symbol to me that even a human breast which may appear least spiritual in some respect, may still have the capacity of reflecting an infinite heaven in its depths, and therefore of enjoying it. It is a comfortable thought that the smallest and most turbid mud puddle can contain its own picture of heaven.” Oh, blessed symbol! sweet reflection! that half redeems our poor humanity, and makes us view it as a thing of boundless possibilities.

The subtle power of Hawthorne’s genius haunts me every time I walk along this creek from “Dorlan’s” to “The Marsh.” Each darksome pool, each gloomy hiding place, where the sluggish stream, shut up with rocks and overhung by frowzy trees, delights to slumber, is full of sinister suggestions. Black Mud and Pictures of Heaven! the Marsh Brandywine contains them both, but let the traveler open his eyes and watch his feet, or he may stumble into mud while looking for heaven.

The ice dam at Dorlan’s marks the mouth of the Marsh Brandywine. If you have seen this Brandywine only from the railroad track, you have doubtless formed an exaggerated notion of its size. A better view is obtainable from the public road in front of Frank Fisher’s house, where you can see, besides the winding creek, the other features of this most attractive bit of



“LET THE TRAVELER OPEN HIS EYES.” Page 86.

scenery. At least a female artist, who returns each year to paint it, says so, and who am I that I should differ with a charming lady on a point of view? The wooded hills upon the left are those that you have crossed in coming here from Dorlan's. Between them and the large ice houses on the right—which, by their very presence, seem to give a most delicious coolness to the air—lies the torpid stream, seemingly unable to determine whether to enter the quiet race, or make the final plunge over the dam breast.

Toward the head of the ice dam is another dam breast ; visible when the waters are low, concealed when the waters are high. An ancient buttonwood, with roots sunk deep into the breast, points out the limits of the pondage that more than a century and a-half ago supplied Aston and Pender's "Grist and Marcht Mill." The floods have oft-times conspired against this tree and striven to uproot it, the ice has struck its trunk a hundred blows or more, and now and then a fallen tree that floated down the stream, has sought to drag it with it, but all in vain. Such efforts only make it sink its roots a little deeper—raise its head a little higher.



While you look at the water marks on this buttonwood, permit me to go back a little in the meadow to a kind of lagoon, enclosed on one side and end with shrubs and trees and tall dank grass, but approachable on the other and nearer side by tussocks. Above the pool a lofty poplar thrusts out its branches, on which the passing birds of prey delight to sit, and watch for fish.

To-day it holds an osprey. I crouch behind a bush to watch it. How motionless it is. Five minutes pass—I feel like ruffling its serenity, when suddenly, with lightning-like rapidity, it darts obliquely toward the water's surface. Splash! splash! the patient fisherman has caught its prey, and up again it flies—to the woods across the dam beyond the railroad, beyond the Eastern Brandywine.

A short distance from Fisher's house I make a halt to look at a hay wagon on a wooden bridge. No! I am mistaken; it is not the wagon that stops me, nor the fragrance of the new mown hay, nor the bending willows that cluster round the bridge, but the fact that here the stream casts off its torpidness, and like the black snake that I nearly trod upon, moves on as if it had a mission to fulfill.



UWCHLAN.

"Spell it with a we, Samlivil, spell it with a we."

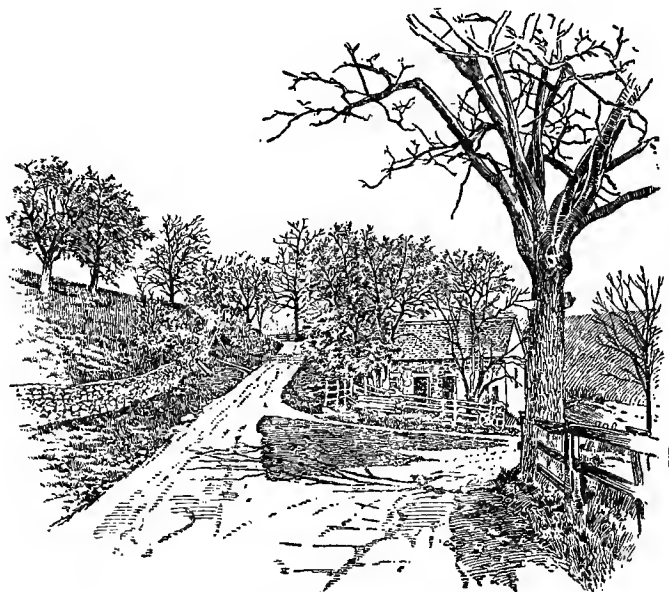
Dickens—Pickwick Papers.



PON crossing the Brandywine at Dorlan's Mills, you enter the northern portion of the original township of Uwchlan. Uwchlan! "the township with the unpronounceable name," as some one has not improperly called it. Orthoepically, Uwchlan is without a peer, while orthographically, it has but one formidable competitor in Chester County. For years—as many a hapless student knows—it has been used as a test question at examinations; for years, as can be proved by documentary evidence, it has appeared under the various aliases of Uchland, Vchlan, Ywchland and Youghland. Even now the Postal Department of the Government and the inhabitants of this township, find themselves unable to agree, and so we continue to address our letters to Uwchland Post Office, in Uwchlan township.

Uwchlan (upland) is fragrant with the memories of the Welsh Friends—the Johns and the Phipps and the Griffiths and the Owens—who settled here in the early part of the Eighteenth Century.

The Paxtang Road that crossed the Brandywine at what is now Lyndell, ran through Uwchlan Township in an easterly direction, passing in front of "The Sign of the Red Lyon." A half mile above Dorlan's Mills, just beyond Montrose School House, you will meet this old road, and your will is stronger than



mine if you refuse to accept its gentle invitation to walk as far as Lionville. It was there in 1716 that John Cadwalader excepted out of his "Tenement and Plantacon a piece of Ground on ye side of the Kings Road which ye s^d John Cadwalader allotted for a burying place and to set a meeting-house on, for ye use of ye people called Quakers." It was there in 1762, at the intersection of the Paxtang Road and "several other considerable roads" that Dennis Whelan, the landlord of the "Red Lion," hoped to build the town of Welsh Pool; there he laid out a number of "dry and wholesome lots with large conveniences," to accommodate "the appliers" and promises of commons, school houses, burying grounds and places of worship.



"A DASHING LITTLE RIVULET." Page 110.

Paxtang Road was to be widened to eighty feet and to be called Main street, but none of his inducements had alluring power, and the project failed. Possibly the facetious fellow was right when he suggested that there was too much inconsistency between a "Welsh Pool" and a "Dry Lot."

This old meeting-house is an object of interest to many, of veneration almost, to some, but for me the sight of it awakens only mournful reflections. In the darkest hours of the Revolution, when many of the Continental soldiers were destitute of shoes and stockings and shirts and blankets, when the "infantry of the snow and the blast," more powerful than British troops, was constantly arrayed against them, when "death riding on the icy winds of winter," saw Washington on his knees in snow praying to Almighty God for aid, it is hardly credible, but let the record speak :

"1, 8, 1778. A few Days ago the Key of the Meeting-house at Uwchlan was demanded by some of the Physicians to the Continental Army in order to convert the same into an Hospital for their sick soldiers, the Friend who had the care of the House and Key refusing to deliver it — "

I have read enough, let us go back to the Brandywine, back to the woodland silences, back to the leafy by-paths that we left two hours ago, let us forget man's inhumanity, and experience Nature's goodness. Hasten ! and I promise you the sweetest melody you ever heard. Somehow the hills seem higher going back—a fitting name the Welshmen gave them when they called them "the land above the valley." But hark ! Do you hear it ? Listen !

" A hermit thrush in his even song,
And a murmuring valley stream."

MILFORD MILLS.

“Oh youth, I was a brook indeed ;
But lately
My bed they've deepen'd, and my speed
Swell'd greatly,
That I may haste to yonder mill,
And so I'm full and never still.”

Goethe—The Youth and the Millstream.



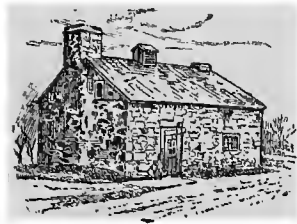
FROM Dorlan's Station to Milford Mills is about a mile and a half on horseback—a little longer on foot. You cross the covered bridge over the Marsh Brandywine, rest a moment at Larkins' Mill, climb the hill beyond, and at the next bend of the road Milford Mills is in sight. The house that crowns the summit of the hill in front of you is Mr. Murphy's ; so is every other building on the bank. To the left, to the right, before, behind, whichever way you look, you see the property of Mr. Murphy. The blooded horses in the pasture lands, the neat and well selected cattle by the creek, the dog that sallies forth to warn you to approach no nearer, things animate and things inanimate, all belong to Mr. Murphy ; all except the bridge over the Brandywine—that belongs to the county.

Coming up the road, the pillared front of the mansion house looks not unlike a Presbyterian church or chapel, but when you draw closer and find the mills converted into stables, you quickly perceive your error and discover that you are passing through a stock farm—the finest in the county.



"MILFORD MILLS IS IN SIGHT," Page 92.

Two objects divide the attention of visitors to Milford Mills; Mr. Murphy's farm and an old distillery. As the distillery is



no longer operated, most visitors prefer to inspect the farm. For me, the farm is not so interesting as its owner. A shrewd Irish Democrat is Mr. Murphy—a speculator in oil—the richest man in the community—brief in speech and decisive in action—a warm friend and a

bitter foe—a fighter who can take knocks and give them. Should you wish to form your own impression of his personality, you will find him yonder at the gate.

A jaunt of two miles further up the road, a turn to the right, a short walk, and one falls into a Conestoga road. How many roads were once called Conestoga no living man can tell. An inspection of dockets and conveyances reveals big Conestogas and little Conestogas, short Conestogas, long Conestogas and old Conestogas, one of these last antedating the “Old Lancaster Road.”

In more recent times the name attached itself to almost every western highway north of Chester Valley. This particular Conestoga branches off the Conestoga Pike in West Nantmeal, and meets the State Road at the “Eagle.” It enjoys the distinction of being the road referred to in a petition quoted on a previous page, “crossing a branch of the Black Brandywine near Brownback’s Clover Mill.” This mill was built on the Black Horse Run (Gough’s Stream) not more than half a mile from where I stand.

The Black Brandywine is less inviting than the Eastern and Western Branches, and less accessible.

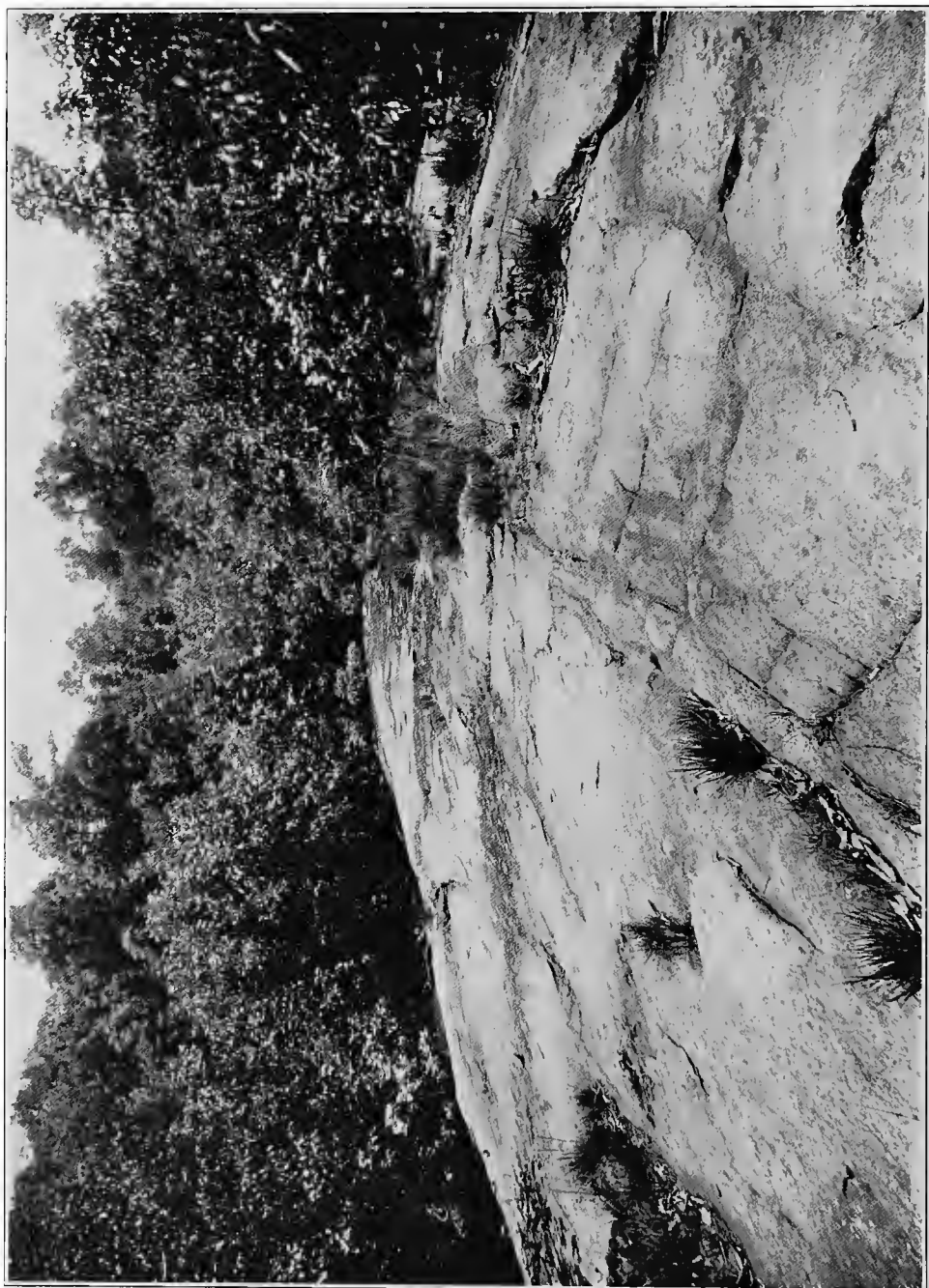
From Milford Mills to Flat Rock there are no long stretches of road beside it or near it. It has little to show, and conscious of its lack of charm, seeks to conceal itself. Not always, how-

ever, for at one ford, well known as "Krauser's Crossing," it issues forth in a most playful mood and furnishes a delightful bathing spot for children. Indeed, some years ago, it grew so boisterous that Chester County's sober and sedate Commissioners were forced to bridle it. The last time I approached this crossing—before the bridge was built—two little girls were playing here, up to their knees in water. At first my presence seemed to disconcert them, but I quickly relieved their embarrassment by crying out, "play on! play on!" Smilingly they resumed their merry sport, and I started to go. A few steps, and I turned to catch a gleam of brightness from their unsuspecting joy, perchance another smile. Too late! the banks of the stream hid them, and I went slowly on my way.



It might have been the sinking sun or the sad experiences of "the Sessions," or the forecasting of these young lives, or the inner history of my own, these, or any of these, that solemnized my thoughts and made me momentarily forget the Brandywine and lose myself in reverie. I can not tell what force it was that stirred my soul, I only know that as I trudged along the road toward Wallace Inn, I found myself repeating the prayer of Bickersteth—

"I ask not for the honors of this world,
I seek not freedom from its weariness
Of daily toil, but O Lord Jesus Christ!
Let thy omnipotent prayer prevail for them,
And keep them from the evil."



‘FLAT ROCK—THE HOME OF THE COPPERHEAD.’ Page 95.

FLAT ROCK AND THE MARSH.

“Oh what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.”
Sidney Lanier—The Marshes of Glynn.



LAT ROCK—the home of the copper-heads—lies in a wood near the Black Brandywine, in East Nantmeal Township, not far from the northern boundary line of Upper Uwchlan. If you could follow the stream's channel from Krauser's Crossing, the distance would not exceed a mile and a half, but the bushes are so thick and the brambles so numerous and the ground so soggy in places, as to make this well nigh impossible. You must perforce go round by Wallace Inn and Fairview Church. On a July morning, in company with a friend, I set out to find this place which neither of us had seen, and of which both had heard so often and so much. As we passed by Fairview Church, the shady spots in the churchyard invited us to enter, but East

Nantmeal is rough and rugged, and the heat was fast becoming unendurable, so down a hill—across the Black Brandywine—along a level stretch, until Marion Allison's house showed itself close to the highway.

There may be more hospitable people than the Allison's, but I have not met them in my travels through Chester County.

"I should like to see Flat Rock," I said, a little abruptly.

"I shall be glad to show it to you after dinner," Mr. Allison replied, "that is," he significantly added, "if you care to go when you know what it is."

"What is it?" I inquired, with no small curiosity.

"A home for copperheads," he answered. "Last year we killed twenty-five on the rock, the year before about twenty."

"Joking?" said I.

"Honest," said he.

"Ought we to go?" I asked myself, or rather, "ought I to go?" The soles of my shoes were almost worn through and the texture of my pantaloons did seem a trifle thin for protection from contact with a serpent's tooth. But a glance at my companion showed him to be no better off, besides, as the daughter of our host bravely offered to act as guide, declination was impossible. Of course we refused to allow her to undergo any risk on our account, and I fortified myself with the reflection that one attorney less would not materially interfere with the orderly administration of justice. Moreover, had not a prominent instructor at West Chester only a few weeks before asserted that there were no venomous serpents in Chester County? What honor in successfully contradicting him! "Let us out and at them!" I cried, and we started, Allison in front and myself in the rear guarding the camera, which filled the centre. This order we maintained until we reached and crossed a little run which marked the limits of safety. Courageously crossing this Rubicon we came on to a piece of scraggy ground, thick with



“THE ROCKS ARE EVERYWHERE.” Page 97.

blackberry bushes and spotted with tufts of wild grass. Over this we managed to pass unscathed, but I noticed a little tendency on the part of some of us to lift the foot higher than was really necessary—a kind of spring-halt gait. However, we soon came to a fence beyond which lay the wood. Hardly had I set my foot down on the other side of the bars, until I felt something wriggling on the ground directly under my left shoe. “Escape is impossible,” thought I. How foolish! it was only a crooked stick. Soon the path got stony, very stony, then rocky, absolutely rocky, then black snake and buzzard crevices showed themselves, with heaps of dead and rotten leaves. Between dead leaves and rocks, by all means give me rocks. One can see objects on a rock, but who can tell the contents of a heap of leaves?

At last we made a turn and went up a slope. I said “we,” I meant the others, for I made a stop not far from a tree whose root had a most maliciously serpentine look. A jump and I was past it, a few more steps and I found myself with my companion on the rock.

Externally, the rock is about a hundred and fifty feet long and seventy wide, with attendant boulders on every side. About two hundred yards below, the stream runs slowly, for the rocks are everywhere. Fifty years ago, a broad breast of rock was blown up to increase the current and let it clean itself.

Some say the copperheads go off in the Summer, and return to Flat Rock in the Fall to hold their harvest home. The truthfulness of this statement I can neither affirm nor deny, for my visits to this place have been too infrequent. The intensity of my experiences here, however, has been sufficient to make me fully appreciate the genius of Daudet in depicting the sensations of Tartarin of Tarascon on his lion hunting trip through Northern Africa. I frankly confess to experiencing a certain degree of pleasurable heroism myself every time I attempt to ex-

plain to the uninitiated how copperheads may be hunted and avoided, their peculiarities, their methods of fighting, "where they should be aimed at and at how many paces off."

South of Flat Rock, as far down as the wooden bridge, the scenery is wild, so wild that not long ago a bald headed eagle



mistook a point on one of these hills for a proper stopping place. Poor bird! it paid the penalty of its erroneous judgment with its life. North of Flat Rock you come upon black soggy soil that marks the beginning of the Marsh. At this point some visitors have contended with me,

that Hawthorne should be dropped, at least, they say, it is unfair longer to continue the comparison between Concord River and the black stream that issues from the Marsh. I cannot agree with them. As a fisherman of the Black Brandywine, I find my feelings in harmony with those of the fisherman of Concord. "Standing on the weedy margin and throwing the line over the elder bushes that dip into the water, it seems as if we could catch nothing but frogs and mud or turtles and reptiles akin to them, and even when a fish of reputable aspect is drawn out one feels a shyness about touching him."

Of course I grant the stream above Flat Rock lacks illustrations for his finest moralizings, for one will look in vain to find a pond variety of lily; so, if my company insist, I usually consent to lay aside my copy of "American Notes" and turn to Wilkie Collins's "Moonstone."

Strange as it may seem, when seen after a rain, there is



“A BALD-HEADED EAGLE MISTOOK A POINT.” Page 98.

something about these hundreds of acres of tussocky ground divided by a line of dark water that suggests the Shivering Sands. There is no sea, no tide, no great patches of nasty ooze, but just enough of scum and slime at times on its broad brown face, to make one feel that the waters of the former lake may only temporarily have sunk beneath the multitudinous tufts of grass, may even now be waiting but the approach of some uncautious traveler, to rise and overwhelm him, or drag him downward to its depths.

From one point, the Marsh looks like a great brown bowl rimmed round with hills, a fitting hatching place for all the reptiles of the county, and yet, despite the sombre thoughts it constantly inspires, the Marsh is fascinating. I saw it last in May—toward evening. A cloudy day was giving it a melancholy aspect, when suddenly the sun broke through and changed the fashion of the entire landscape. It shone upon the grass and gave its green a beauteous tinge of yellow, it shone upon the tussocks, imparting a curious lustre to their dullness, it shone upon the sluggish stream, transmuting it to gold, and then sank down behind the Nantmeal hills. I looked about and listened. Not a cricket's chirp, nor a frog's croak, nor a bird's song, nothing but the footfall of a tired peddler going up the road with a heavy pack upon his back. By following him a little distance and turning to the left, I might have traced three streamlets to their sources—one on the Millard farm, another near Loag's Corner, and the third at the base of the mountains. Instead of doing so, I faced about and walked to Dorlan's Mills.

THE BIRTHPLACE OF T. BUCHANAN READ.

“If from this oaten pipe
Plucked from the shadow of primeval woods
And waked to changeful numbers by strange airs,
Born of my native stream in leafy depths
Of unfrequented glades—somewhat of song
Pour through its simple stops and wake again
In other hearts what I have felt in mine.
Then not in vain I hold it to my lips
And breathe the fulness of my soul away.”

T. Buchanan Read—The New Pastoral.



OW far to Corner Ketch?” I asked a boy at Dorlan’s Station. “Two miles across the Brandywine,” was the astonishing reply. The roads through East Brandywine Township are hilly, on a hot day—wearisome; but to see a poet’s birthplace is worth an effort, and I made the effort. On the western side of the Brandywine, south of the bridge, a finger-board pointed to a wood, through which my road made many a turn. Doctor Johnson’s habit of counting posts never commended itself to me, but one does find a passing interest in numbering the different varieties of trees. Along this road are button-



“DOWLIN’S FORGE.” Page 108.

woods and maples, black oaks, white oaks and pin oaks, poplars and walnuts, chestnuts and ashes, and here and there a stunted cedar.

At the top of the hill is a school house, in front of which the road unites with another from Dowlin's Forge. I stop to take a draught of life. What air! What charming views! The closest calculator could here find amplest compensation for energy expended—might even feel the joy of beauty. The rolling country to the north suggests the sea. Each hilltop bears a woody crest—with wondrous shades of sparkling green, and the white sand of the road completes the illusion. On the south the land sinks rapidly, then changes quickly, until beyond the blacksmith shop it rises like a mountain. Across its top a brown line marks the road to Chester Valley. But what is this? Amidst these scenes of beauty, here is death.

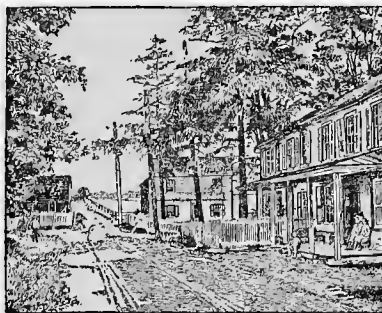
In front of me, from Hope-well Cemetery to the cross-roads, a funeral fills up the road. At the cross-roads—two furlongs off—is Corner Ketch.

Read's house is a field or two north of "the Corner," which is itself but an insignificant village, with nothing to offer in the way of interest except this little two-story stone dwelling half concealed with grape vines, situated at the end of a long lane flanked with apple trees. As I sauntered down the lane asking myself how much of the building was old, the garden gate into the lane opened and a middle-aged Irish woman approached me, with a humorous look on her good-natured face, and said :

"You're looking for Read's place?"

"Yes, may I —"

"Sartainly ye may, go right in by the gate."

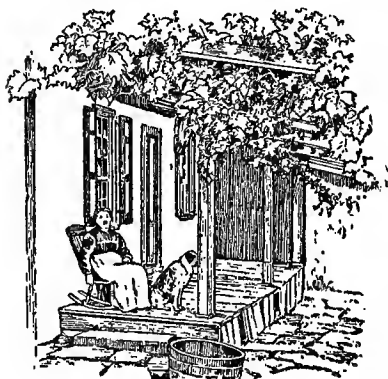


"Have you a bull dog?" I inquired.

"Sure, he'll not hurt ye though; he jumped a peddler a while ago, but he's had his supper now."

"I think the house looks better a little distance off," I observed, as I reflected on her enigmatical answer.

The next time I called, the bull dog was dead. On the porch



sat a Scotch Collie that looked at me with friendly eyes, and thrust his head in my hand.

Can this be the birthplace of Read? you ask yourself, as you stand on the flagstones in the yard, and mark this "unconventional old building," with the cellar door opening out of the parlor. Yes! this is Read's birthplace. Forty years ago his

country crowned him with the triple crown of Painter, Poet and Patriot. To-day, men differ greatly as to the school in which they shall place the artist who painted "The Spirit of the Waterfalls;" and the place to which they shall assign the poet who sang "The Wagoner of the Alleghanies" and "The Closing Scene;" but as yet, no one has undertaken to withhold from the author of "The Oath" the title of patriot, or to question the value of his sacrificial services at the altar of Freedom. Let his detractors place his pictures in the ante-room of the galleries of distinguished Painters, let them assign him only standing room in poetical corridors, and we shall not much complain of their injustice if they remember only his services to the Republic.

In 1857, Read sat by the grate of his studio at Rome, and dreamingly wrote,

"My soul to-day
Is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay."



"BEFORE THE BRIDGE WAS BUILT." Page 94.

In 1860, he was on the Atlantic, headed for home. It was not a time for drifting, but for fighting. Rome was forgotten in the needs of his country. "If the Union breaks, who cares what breaks? But it will not break." No! not if his heroic soul can help it. Laying aside the lyre he snatched up the bugle, and set all hearts aflame.

There are soldiers in Chester County to-day who read Read's bugle call and answered it.

"Ye freeman, how long will ye stifle
The vengeance that justice inspires?
With treason how long will ye trifle,
And shame the proud name of your sires?
Out, out with the sword and the rifle,
In defence of your homes and your fires.
The flag of the old Revolution,
Swear firmly to serve and uphold,
That no treasonous breath of pollution
Shall tarnish one star on its fold,
Swear!
And, hark the deep voices replying,
From graves where your fathers are lying,
'Swear, oh, swear.'"

Scan the lines of his battle cries, you who are critical, and perhaps you may discover some faulty measure, but if your ears are attuned to patriotism, you can hear even now, ay, if your fingers have not grown too callous, you can feel beneath his rugged words the pulsations of a patriot's heart.

After all, it is a matter of indifference what you think of this poem; it is enough commendation of it that Lincoln carried it in his pocket.

Is it worth while, amid the activities of life, to pause for a few moments at the birthplace of Read? The crater-loving traveller, who finds intoxication only in inhaling noxious fumes, will quickly answer, "No." To him all pastoral scenes are equally insipid. For a devout soul, it is worth while. The

fires of devotion are rekindled at this hearth. Not in vain does one draw aside the curtain to catch a glimpse of Read at his mother's knee, listening to the stories of Jewish valor and Christian heroism. A spiritual son of the Maccabees, he transforms these Brandywine hills into Palestinian mountains, and peoples them with Israelitish hosts. On yon woody Gilead, Gideon assembles his little band and looks down upon the Midianites beneath him in the valley. In this pasture land to the south, David watches his sheep by night and sings for Read the strains of his immortal song. Yes, it is worth while to look upon this Palestine of Read's infancy, to pick out its Tabor, to mark the course of its Jordan, to stand on its Olivet, and somewhere near at hand, "in the leafy depths of its unfrequented glades," to find its dark Gethsemane. Over these hills "the blue horizon compassed all the world."

It was here, that his young muse first learned to love and dream,

"To love the simplest blossom by the road,
To dream such dreams as will not come again."

It was here, his sympathies with Nature were developed. For him, almost in infancy, the vines of his cottage doorway were full of

"verses writ on every leaf."

Each transient butterfly, each piping bird, each singing bee, each cricket "with its song of peace," was dear to Read, and near the wayside spring—perhaps this very one at which I now am kneeling—he sat and watched the squirrels steal down to drink.

"And oft the beggar marked with tan,
In rusty garments gray with dust,
Here *sat* and *dipped* his little can,
And *broke* his scanty crust."

Guthrieville—a mile away—still cherishes traditions of a tow-headed boy that used to stand by the roadside and watch the wagoners pass, but unless I am greatly mistaken, it was on the sandy road that runs by Hopewell Church that his childish eyes

saw the chief characters of "The New Pastoral." In some of the old fence corners, where the elder bushes are growing to-day, the "Witch of Oakland" gathered her herbs, and somewhere near the blacksmith shop, close to the woods—I see no likelier spot—met the millwright's daughter, and in a harsh and squeaky voice that sounded "like the creak of withered boughs," gave her a conditional truth of practical philosophy to carry to her father:

"Who grudgeth splinters may himself want logs."

In which of these houses did the "jovial squire" live? I cannot tell, but underneath the trees of Hopewell Church you still may find some lineal descendants of "the village smith," who every Seventh-day was wont to meet "the weaver," and argue knotty points of Politics and Scripture.

The school house where "Olivia and Arthur" met cannot be definitely located. Perchance its walls have fallen. Let them lie! for the dimpled fingers "that once strayed unchided to the master's watch seals," have long since stiffened out in death.

In middle life, at the cosmopolitan court of Leopold, Read saw much that the narrow horizon of his early years had not embraced. He met Rossini, and mingled with George Sand, Mrs. Trollope and the Brownings. With Ristori at the theater, and Verdi at the opera, what more could he ask? what more desire? Everything was his, except the joys of a simple life. Such joys, his memory was constantly recalling, his pen constantly sketching; hillside homes and shady hamlets, quiet Sabbaths, rustic chapels and unpretending parsons, with hearts "of boundless sympathies," parsons who had learned their solemn lessons

"among

The ceaseless jar and whirl of rumbling stones
And clattering hoppers,"

parsons who neither strode through metaphysic mists,

"nor strove to make

The smallest of their congregation lose,
One glimpse of heaven to cast it on the priest."

Upon his return from Italy, we find him moralizing by the roadside. The sun of his boyhood has passed the zenith and is on the decline. A certain sadness fills his meditations, as he finds the thickly peopled road of his early years deserted :

“Standing by thee, I look backward,
And, as in the light of dreams,
See the years descend and vanish,
Like thy tented wains and teams.

Here I stroll along the village
As in youth's departed morn :
But I miss the crowded coaches,
And the driver's bugle-horn—

Miss the crowd of jovial teamsters
Filling buckets at the wells,
With their wains from Conestoga,
And their orchestras of bells.

To the mossy way-side tavern
Comes the noisy throng no more,
And the faded sign, complaining,
Swings, unnoticed, at the door ;

While the old, decrepit tollman,
Waiting for the few who pass,
Reads the melancholy story
In the thickly springing grass.”

I love to linger here and feel the hallowed influences of the spot. I honor the poet who recognized his gift as heaven-born and found in the closing years of his life a source of infinite pleasure in the thought, that in all the poetry he had written, no line could be found that breathed a doubt upon the blessed Trinity, or the great Redemption of Man. “When I have written my verse,” said he, “I have been alone with my own soul and with God, and not only dared not lie, but the inspiration of the truth was to me so beautiful that no unworthy thought ever dared intrude itself upon the page.”



"STEP LIGHTLY, FOR I LOVE IT STILL." Page 107.

The place is sacred. I shall not attempt to describe it,
but shall present instead the picture as Read painted it:

“ Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born ;
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all ;
There is the shaded doorway still,
But a stranger’s foot has crossed the sill.

There is the barn—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the busy swallows’ throng,
And hear the peewee’s mournful song ;
But the stranger comes—oh ! painful proof—
His sheaves are piled to the heated roof.

There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,
And watched the shadowy moments run
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun ;
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air,
But the stranger’s children are swinging there.

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow ;
’Twas here I found the calamus root,
And watched the minnows poise and shoot,
And heard the robin lave his wing :—
But the stranger’s bucket is at the spring.

Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still ;”

* * * * *

FROM DORLAN'S MILLS TO DOWLIN'S FORGE.

“Straight to a wood, in scorn and shame,
Away Count Savern rode—
Where, in the soaring furnace-flame,
The molton iron glowed.
Here, late and early, still the brand
Kindled the smiths, with crafty hand;
The bellows heave and the sparkles fly,
As if they would melt down the mountains high.
Their strength the fire, the water gave,
In interleagued endeavor;
The mill-wheel, whirled amidst the wave,
Rolls on for aye and ever—
Here, day and night resounds the clamor,
While measured beats the heaving hammer;
And, suppld in that ceaseless storm,
Iron to iron stamps a form.

Schiller—Fridolin, or The Message to the Forge.



DOWN the road to Dowlin's Forge! how easy the descent. "Stop, look and listen," says my inner prompter, as I pass a piece of woods. I stop, and hear a noise like cattle breaking through a thicket. I look, and see three little black-faced children gathering wood, or rather hastening toward the road with wood already gathered. "Halt!" Instantly all grow rigid; while a spaniel that accompanies them squats down between the hinder two, and awaits the worst.



"INSTANTLY ALL GROW RIGID." Page 108.

As soon as my camera catches them I release them, and away they go as fast as their legs can carry them, the spaniel giving me a yelp or two by way of disapproval of my conduct. When the last one has disappeared, I take a northeasterly road, and in less than half an hour's time find myself at the vine-covered bridge at Dorlan's Mills.

The road along the Brandywine to Dowlin's Forge is comparatively level until you reach the hill west of the old dam, whence it descends quickly and abruptly.



From Dorlan's Mill to the Forge the most picturesque spot in the stream is at its turn, a quarter of a mile or so above the Forge. To appreciate it, in fact, to see it, one must leave the road, scramble down an embankment and wade as far as a central rock, which can readily be done, as the water does not usually rise higher than your knees, and the current is not swift enough to make wading disagreeable.

It is a quiet retreat partly closed in by two hills—ugly hills shorn of their wood, both bald, and one of them barren.

At the water's edge rises a big boulder surmounted by firs, the roots of which wrap themselves about the top of the rock like gigantic snakes, and force you to take a second glance before you feel quite comfortable. Having done this, you are prepared to enjoy the scene. What delight there is in watching the silvery water round the bend, shimmer in the sunlight, dash against the rock and send its spray up toward the firs' dark green. What charm in listening to its sweet lullabies! Some come here to fish—I come here to dream.

A stranger who wishes to view the Forge Dam and its surroundings, will find his observation point on the hill referred to. He will see the stream, like a line of light, moving slowly southward between mountainous hills, and if the day be clear he will

follow its leading—through the gaps, beyond the meadows to the hills that mark the southern side of Chester Valley. Directly opposite, on the eastern side of the stream, rises a rugged hill, covered with underbrush, with a little stone hovel, half hidden with trees, and near by, rushing down from a mill-race, comes a dashing, little rivulet, generously scattering its sparkling waters upon every weed and flower along its course.

A hundred years ago the Forge that stood in the hollow belonged to an iron master by the name of John Dowlin. At that time it was known as the Mary Ann Forge. Since the iron master's wives rejoiced in the names of Jemima and Elizabeth, one must seek an explanation of the Forge name a little further back. It is found in a conveyance to John Dowlin which recites the death of Samuel Hibbert and the descent of the Forge property to several children, one of whom was named Mary and another Ann. Singular as it seems to us, it appears to have been customary in those days to reward good housewifery or filial devotion in this manner. Rebecca and Isabella Furnaces in Nantmeal, attest the virtues of two women of that township, and Mary Ann Forge preserves the memory of the estimable qualities of two women of Willistown. The property conveyed to Dowlin seems to have been rich in reminiscences, for in the deed to him from Jesse Richards, and Sarah, his wife, the tract is referred to as "Sarah's Bower."

Every time I have visited Dowlin's Forge, I should say "site"—for even the old water wheel has disappeared—I have been struck by the number of buzzards circling about the place. Once I found half a dozen of them squatting on a fence along the western side of the stream, holding a consultation, at least there was a general nodding of heads. "What does their presence here in such numbers mean," I asked a friend. "It means," said he, "that the place is dead—has been dead for thirty years."



“THE PLACE IS DEAD.” Page 110.

Below the Forge the hills slope down into Chester Valley, and the stream enlarges into Shellmire's Dam. Until five years ago, Thomas Shellmire owned a mill in Downingtown, and received his power from a race connected with this dam. The race is an old one and a long one, but in early times long races were not unusual; they were made rather than dams, being less expensive and not so liable to damage by freshets.

Perhaps no dam in the County has furnished fishermen more amusement than Shellmire's. Almost any evening you can see bass leaping out of the water, and on the Fourth of July you will find a fisherman for every tree along its banks—some sitting quietly at the roots, others stretched out in the branches. On this anniversary, Hungary, Russia, Austria, Italy, France, Germany, Ireland and Africa—all have their representatives here, armed with dough and helgramites, and not a few with whiskey.



BEAVER CREEK.

“When the Puritans came over
Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts,
And Indians red as deer,
With tomahawks and scalping-knives
That made folks’ heads look queer.
Oh, the ship from England used to bring
A hundred wigs a year!”

Oliver Wendell Holmes—A Song.



BEAVER CREEK flows into the Brandywine about half a mile above Lancaster Avenue in the Borough of Downingtown. The creek rises a little south of Brandywine Manor Church and passes through the villages of Bondsville and Fishersville on its way to Chester Valley. A quarter of a century ago, it furnished power for the various woolen mills, but now since the mills are closed, the creek no longer dallies with their wheels, but dances gaily by them on its way to Edge’s Flour Mill in the northern portion of Caln Township.

In the rear of the flour mill is a path that leads by many a turn to what is known as “Cave Rocks.” At the end of this path



"Edger's Flour Mill." Page 112.

are great quantities of Rocks—some piled up, others tumbled about—more than sufficient to satisfy one's expectations, but the cave— “Where is the cave?” I ask a colored wood-chopper, sitting on a log, resting his axe. “Up dar, sah,” he replies, pointing toward a high rock from which I had just clambered down, “you'll find it dar, sah.”

I did not find it there, however, nor could he, but why complain; the name is poetical, and the exercise is not injurious, not even unpleasant.

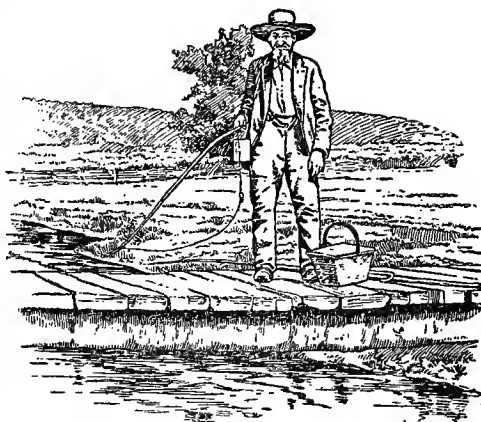
Were it not for the size of these rocks I might almost conclude I had found the place referred to by Lewis, “above Downingtown and about a mile south of the pike,” where the Indians once piled up stones over the graves of their companions, and afterwards, during the Revolutionary War, threw the pile down and carried off the bones that were buried underneath it.

In the meadow land, below Edge's Mill, Beaver creek curves to the east and circles through the links of the Beaver Creek Golf



Club. The creek is full of fish—mainly suckers, and is crossed at intervals by little bridges. At a distance I saw on one of these bridges, what, to my inexperienced eye, looked like a golfer

resting on his lofter; drawing closer I discovered that unwittingly I had done injustice to an aged fisherman of Coatesville. Inwardly I begged his pardon and left him with his hopes. The pasture along Beaver Creek is rich, and the cattle that one sees browsing here are sleek. Below Irwin Pollock's farm the Downingtown and Ephrata Turnpike crosses



the creek on a stone bridge. Its date stone is marked 1805. A little northeast of this bridge is an old grist mill facing the north, once a part of a five hundred acre plantation, known as "Aston Terrace." In 1739, George Aston and his wife conveyed it to Roger Hunt, who died about 1764. Since then its successive owners have been James Webb, Samuel Hains, Robert Roberts, Samuel Miller, James McConnell, Samuel Ringwalt, Anna Phelps and Jane E. Ringwalt, Abiah P. Ringwalt, and John T. Pollock.

The public road that passes in front of this mill is a remnant of the Horse Shoe Road that was laid out in 1752. Prior to that date a road known as the Little Conestoga, led from the Manor of Springton through the township of East Caln, to the Provincial or Old Lancaster Road, near the mill of Thomas Downing. The Horse Shoe Road began in the Paxtang Road near the Presbyterian Meeting House, followed the line of the Little Conestoga "near to Roger Hunt's mill," crossed the Brandywine north of Beaver Creek, continued on the eastern side of the Brandywine, and ended in the Provincial Road near Thomas Downing's Mill—now Bicking's Mill, opposite the Swan Hotel.

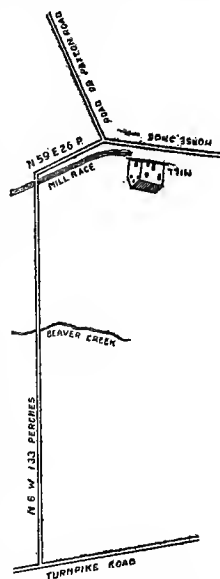


"A REMNANT OF THE HORSE SHOE ROAD." Page 114.

In 1796, a year after the Lancaster Turnpike had been opened to public travel, a road was asked for leading from the turnpike near Samuel Hunt's, to the Horse Shoe Road. The draught accompanying the reviewers' return shows not only the situation of the mill, —then owned by Samuel Hains—but also the relative locations of the Horse Shoe Road and the Lancaster Turnpike, which latter road had adopted the course of the Old Lancaster Road through Downingtown. The Horse Shoe Road was known by several names. It was called the Paxtang Road because it connected with the Old Paxtang Road near the Presbyterian Meeting House; the Manor Road, because it began just inside

Springton Manor; the Dunkerton Road,

because in connection with the Paxtang Road it led to Dunk



or more properly Ephrata." But

how did it get its

Horse Shoe name?

Frankly, I do not

know, nor have I ever

met with any satisfactory ex-

planation. In its own proper

course from Springton Manor to

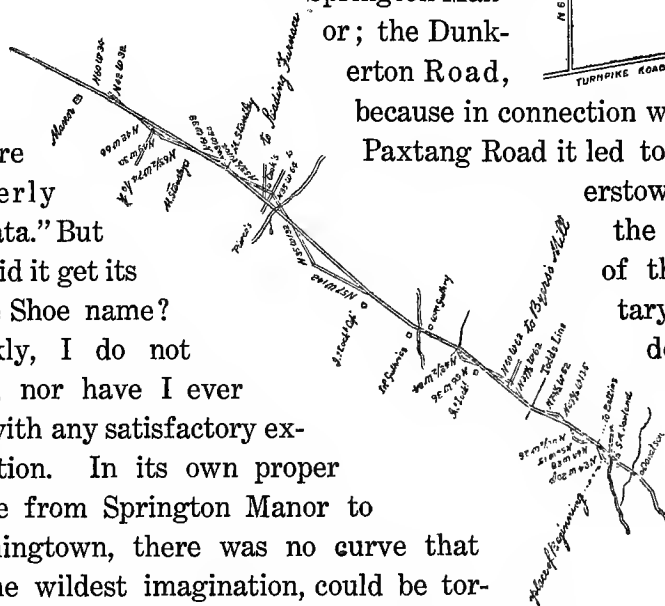
Downingtown, there was no curve that

by the wildest imagination, could be tor-

tured into a horse shoe. I have already de-

scribed its course as far as Joseph Baugh's, beyond which it con-

erstown, "to the Camp of the Solitary, Lager der Einsamen,





"AN OLD GRIST MILL FACING THE NORTH." Page 114.

tinued northwesterly to the Manor. An examination of the above plot, made in 1807, a few years after the Downingtown, Ephrata and Harrisburg Turnpike had been thrown open to public travel, shows that the vacated course of the Horse Shoe Road from the northern line of Caln Township to the Manor Church, and the route of the Turnpike, were practically the same. Those who have driven the latter road will cudgel their memory in vain for a Horse Shoe Curve.

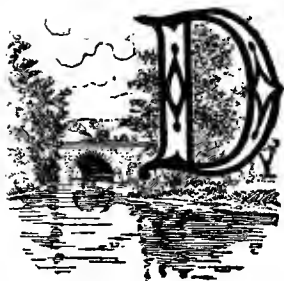
What then? Some say we must look for an explanation not in the curves of the road, but *on* the road. It was called the Horse Shoe Road because "forsooth," (as one of my legal friends would say) it was a much traveled road and horse shoes were frequently found thereon. That it was a much traveled road is true; residents of the county whose terminus was Downingtown, used it, and settlers and wagoners whose terminus was Philadelphia, preferred it to the Paxtang Road beyond the Presbyterian Meeting House, in consequence of the disclaimer by West Nantmeal and Uwchlan Townships, of a piece of land near the Brandywine, through which the Paxtang Road ran.

Others, finding the road occasionally spelled "Horse Shew" or "Show," declare that "Shoe" is a corruption, and the interpretation an obvious one. I have never found Horse *Shew* used but twice, Horse *Show* once, and in no instance until the name Horse Shoe had been applied for years. Analogy is against both views. The explanation must be found in its connection with another road. It connected with two—the Old Lancaster at Downingtown—the Paxtang at Springton Manor. At the time it was laid out a road was opened from the southern line of Uwchlan to the Old Lancaster Road, but the line of these three roads would hardly make a deep dish, to say nothing of a horse shoe. Its angle with the Paxtang Road is the only explanation left, and is a very plausible one when it is remembered that as far back as 1771, it was called the Paxtang or Horse Shoe Road.

DOWNINGTOWN AND THE OLD LANCASTER ROAD.

“And when his bones are dust, his grave a blank,
His station, generation, even his nation,
Become a thing, or nothing save to rank
In chronological commemoration,
Some dull MS. oblivion long has sank,
Or graven stone, found in a barrack’s station,
In digging the foundation of a closet,
May turn his name up, as a rare deposit.”

Byron—Don Juan.



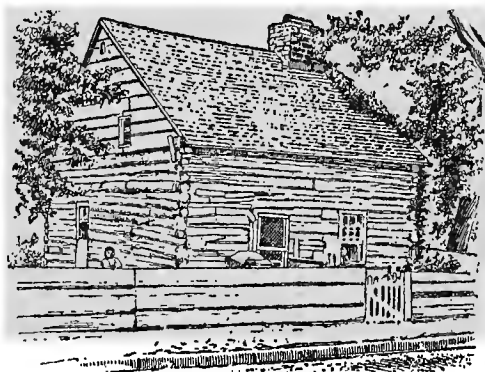
DOWNINGTOWN! the most interesting town in Chester County. Seated in an easy chair on the porch of the Swan Hotel, three centuries pass before me. The Eighteenth and Nineteenth I see distinctly; the Twentieth appears somewhat dim and misty; I hear it rather than see it as it rushes wildly westward on the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

The street that runs in front of the Swan and crosses the Brandywine on a stone bridge beyond Bicking’s Paper Mill, is no common highway, but a lineal descendant of the Old Lancaster Road.

The open space to the east of 'Squire Carpenter's office—almost opposite where I sit—is the end of the Horse Shoe Road. Its successor, the Downingtown, Ephrata and Harrisburg Turnpike, commonly known as the Horse Shoe Pike, enters Downingtown on the western side of the Brandywine.

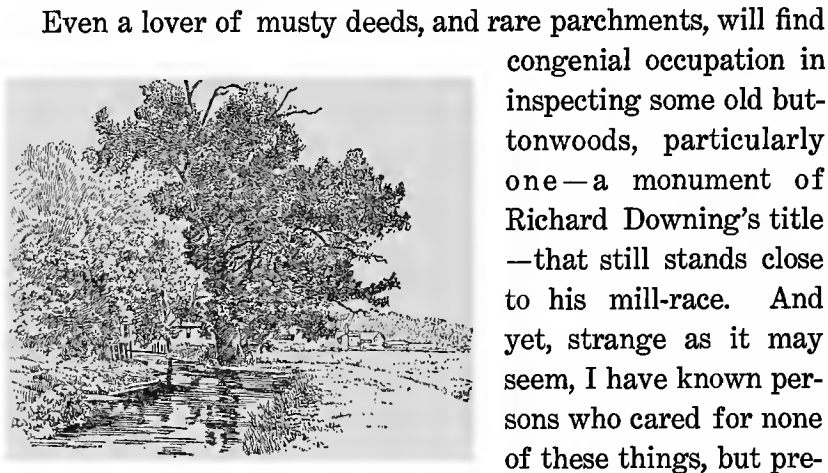
In the twilight the Horse Shoe Road under the trees, attracts my gaze, but disregards my entreaties and as heretofore, refuses to disclose the meaning of her name.

Downingtown is rich in antiques, evidently believing with Hugo, that "nothing is more tragic and more deadly than great demolitions. He who pulls down his house, pulls down his family; he who destroys his dwelling, destroys his name. The ancient honor clings to these ancient stones." East of the bridge is one of these old buildings—a quaint log house, in the yard of which a half dozen little pickaninnies are playing. To this house about 1790, Joseph Downing took his bride. It is interesting to walk a half mile westward and see another landmark of the



Eighteenth Century—the Hunt Mansion built in 1727. In its various colored brick (which tradition says were imported), in its wide hall, sharp gables and heavy wainscoting, you recognize at once the old English style, and are not surprised to learn that its occupant, Roger Hunt, was a Commissary of King George the Third in the French and Indian War. It is no less interesting to face about and stroll a mile or so to the Fox Mansion, formerly John Downing's Hotel, on the porch of which the grandfather of Ziba Mercer once saw the portly figure of George

Washington. It was here, at the sign of the "King in Arms," that the Revolutionary County Committee met in 1776.



Even a lover of musty deeds, and rare parchments, will find congenial occupation in inspecting some old buttonwoods, particularly one—a monument of Richard Downing's title—that still stands close to his mill-race. And yet, strange as it may seem, I have known persons who cared for none of these things, but preferred, instead, to stand on the bridge and wonder why the Baptists retreated so far from the water, while their Methodist brethren built their church almost over the stream. For myself, I experience much pleasure in noting the mingling of the old and the new along this quiet, shady avenue. John Ruskin himself, in his most querulous mood, could have found no monotonous uniformity here, in material, style or color. A beetle-browed stone house looks across the street at a lofty brick, a little library decorated with vines, invitingly opens its doors not far away from a rough old corn and grist mill that bars the public with its notice of "no admittance;" holly-hocks decorate one yard, weeping-willows help to hide decay in another. For a meditative stroll at evening, give me Lancaster Avenue from the Swan Hotel to Uwchlan Road.

In the early part of the Eighteenth Century, Thomas Moore became the owner of three tracts of land in the southern part of Caln Township, which township at that time extended as far north as Nantmeal. On one of these tracts, east of the Brandywine, was "a water corn mill," built as early as 1716. This



“ON THE LINE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.” Page 118.

mill (afterwards Shellmire's) was perhaps as widely known as any in the county.

Thomas Moore died in 1738, and the corn mill and three tracts of land were conveyed to John Taylor, who in 1739, deeded five hundred and sixty-one acres north of the Philadelphia Road, and in 1747, a saw-mill lot of two and a half acres south of the Philadelphia Road, to Thomas Downing. Two hundred and twenty-three acres south of the Philadelphia Road, were purchased in 1747, by Jonathan Parke.

During the twenty-five years that followed the death of Thomas Moore, the village, with its environments, developed greatly. To its corn mill and saw mill were added a hemp mill, fulling mill, oil mill and other mills, until by the end of that period it had become a Mill-town, and was generally known as such.

In its development the Downing family was a prominent factor. Thomas Downing—what a lawyer would call “the Perquisitor”—came from Devonshire, England, and was a member of the Society of Friends. If he had founded no industries, one of the directions in his will would entitle him to honorable mention: “As many poor people have formerly purchased of me and were become debtors my intent and meaning is that I do hereby forgive the said poor people all the book debts that may stand in my book against them at the time of my decease and I do hereby frankly acquit and discharge them from paying the same.”

What an admirable provision! What a pity to find it so rarely adopted! A provision that illustrates an important petition of our common prayer and recalls to my mind the famous admonition of Charles Phillips to his king—“Sire, when you answer the last awful summons be your answer this, ‘God, I forgave, I hope to be forgiven.’”

It is not my purpose to go into the Downing genealogy;

there were Downings and Downings, most of them with good English names. There were William and Mary, Richard the First and Richard the Second, Downing the Miller and Downing the Fuller, Downing the Farmer and Downing the Tavern Keeper, which last named Downing in 1774, after reciting the inconvenience under which "the inhabitants residing in or near the place commonly called and known by the name of Milltown," lay, "for want of a house wherein a school may be kept for the instruction of their youth in literature," donated a lot on the side of the road leading from Milltown to Uwchlan.

Before the end of the Eighteenth Century, Milltown took the names of its owners, and became Downingstown.

The Moore tracts, of which I have spoken, were not divided by the Philadelphia Road either laterally or longitudinally, but diagonally. The road was the result of the efforts of a number of the inhabitants of Lancaster County, including magistrates and grand-jurors, who in 1731, complained to the Provincial Council, that not having the conveniency of any navigable water for bringing the produce of their labor, they were obliged, at great expense, to transport it by land carriage, the burden of doing which was heavier through the want of suitable roads for carriages to pass. There were few, if any, public roads leading to Philadelphia through Lancaster County, and those along which they passed through Chester, were incommodious.

The Council having heard their complaint, appointed seven viewers from each county, to lay out the road from the division line of the counties to a point where it should fall into the King's High Road, in the county of Chester, leading to Philadelphia.

The viewers made their return in 1733. Unfortunately, however, in Whiteland Township, near John Spruce's house, where the road fell into the King's High Road—the viewers being unprovided with a copy of the records of the King's Road,

and the lands contiguous to it "being mostly improved and under corn," were unable to say whether the latter road had been altered from the true course or not.

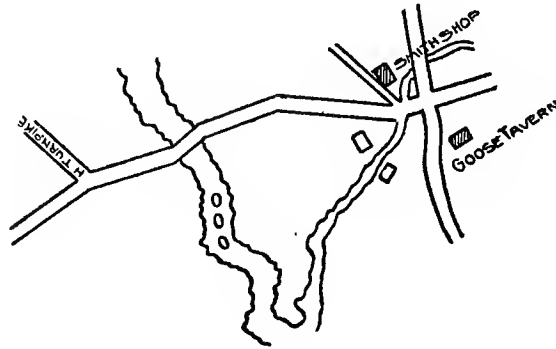
The reasons for opening the road were obvious, but delay followed delay. By 1736, the road had been brought no further than Spruce's house, and it was not until the Fall of 1741, that the final report was made, and the overseers of the counties of Chester and Philadelphia were directed to cause the road to be opened and cleared, according to the courses and distances returned by the viewers.

Shortly after its opening it was known as the Provincial Road, the Philadelphia Road, and the Lancaster Road. Some years later it was referred to as the Old Lancaster Road, the Great Lancaster Road—to distinguish it from other Lancaster roads—and the Great Conestoga Road, to distinguish it from other Conestoga Roads, and to mark its adoption of a part of a road already known by that name.

In passing through Milltown it formed the northern boundary of Jonathan Parke's land and Thomas Downing's saw mill lot. West of Milltown it was a part of the boundary line between Peter and Samuel Hunt. Marking its route by taverns, it led from Downing's Inn to the Ship—a short distance beyond which the Gap Road from the west entered it. From the Ship it ran a little south of the Wagon in East Caln, after which it headed northwestwardly for the Black Horse, three miles west of which it passed the Wagon in West Caln, and left the county at the Mariner's Compass.

In using this bridge in winter, travelers had reason to remember the Brandywine, especially the Western Branch. "Travelers in general, as well as your petitioners in particular," states a petition for a bridge in 1770, have often found it very difficult and hard to pass over the west branch of Brandywine Creek where the great Provincial Road leading from Philadelphia to

Lancaster crosses said creek. It is a fact well known to numbers, and severely felt by many who have had to stand many hours in said creek cutting ice in the several seasons of the winter in order to pass with their waggons, and many of them obliged to leave their waggons froze all night in said creek, some of them the said time loaded with liquors and other valuable goods, and perhaps take them a great part of the next day to cut them out."



SKETCH BY ROBERT BROOK—1806.

Showing the beginning of the Harrisburg Pike.

Also the beginning of the Horse Shoe Road, west of the Smith Shop.

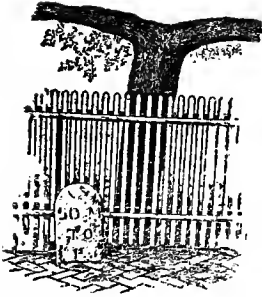


"HORSE SHOE PIKE." Page 125.

THE LANCASTER TURNPIKE.

"I'm amazed at the signs,
As I pass through the town ;
To see the odd mixture,
A Magpie and Crown,
The Axe and the Bottle,
The Sun and the Lute,
The Eagle and Child,
The Shovel and Boot."

From the British Apollo.



THIRTY miles to Philadelphia. On Lancaster Avenue in Downingtown the Half-way House, on the south side, and the 30th Mile Stone on the north, memorialize the first turnpike in America. The road was completed in 1794, at a cost of almost half a million, and was thrown open to public travel in 1795. So enormous was the travel and transportation of merchandise over it, that in a few years it had as many public houses as mile stones.

After the opening of the Horse Shoe Pike, it is said that at various points beyond the line of Chester County, mile stones were set along it indicating so many miles "To T.," and so many miles "To P." P. referred to Philadelphia. On this all are agreed, but to what did T. refer? to Turnpike or Towntingtown? Some Dutchmen whom I have interviewed, admit that it referred to Downingtown. Julius Sachse, in his work on "German Sectarians in Pennsylvania," entertaining the view that the intellectuality of the Pennsylvania Dutch is at stake, has come to their relief at the expense of Downingtown, and declares :

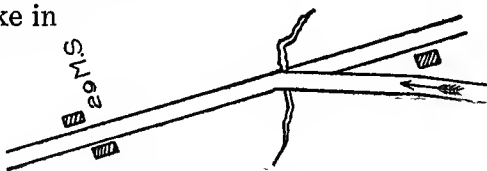
"To the uninitiated these letters are something of a puzzle, especially when told that the upper characters mean miles to Downingtown—an incident which has been seized up and brought out, evidently by ignorant and biased writers, whenever they wish to say anything against the intellectuality of the Pennsylvania-German. More than one writer has made merry over the Pennsylvania-Dutch, who, according to him, published their ignorance to the world on their mile stones, by spelling Downingtown with a 'T.'"

"Now, the fact of the matter is," says Mr. Sachse, "that the shoe is on the other foot—the 'T' does not stand for Downingtown, but for Turnpike. It will be recollected that the turnpike between Philadelphia and Lancaster was the first hard road in the United States, and was for years alluded to as 'the Turnpike.'"

Nobis ea res magnitudine parum comperta est.

I have been asked whether the course of the Philadelphia and Lancaster Turnpike through and near Downingtown, differed materially from that of the Old Lancaster Road. It did not. From the 29th Mile Stone, east of Downingtown, to a point several hundred yards west of the 31st Mile Stone their courses were practically the same. The 29th Mile Stone can be found to-day under some vines opposite the silo of Howard Seeds. The 31st Mile Stone stands near a fence a little east of the water tanks of the Pennsylvania Railroad. The Note Book of Robert Brooke, who completed

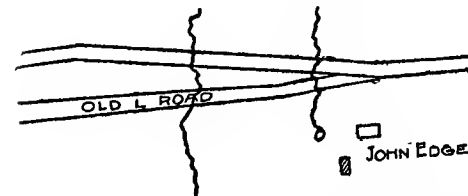
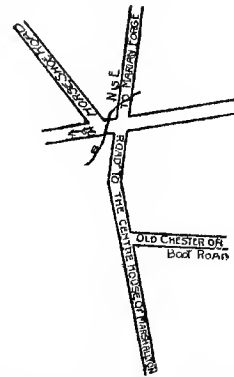
his survey of the Turnpike in 1806, contains the opposite illustration, with the remark—"the Old L road falls into the T road at this angle (s. 70° 30' w.) in a direct line with the next following course."





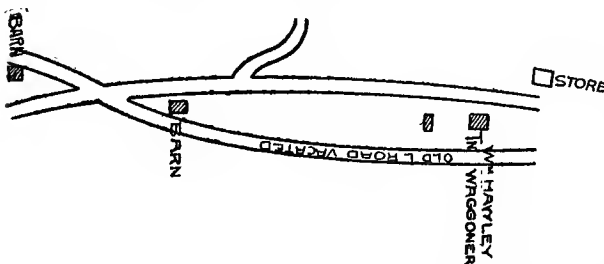
"IN FRONT OF ONE OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD ARCHES." Page 128.

Passing by Hunt Downing's Tavern and the public road leading to the Red Lion, and Edge's Half-way House, and the bridge over Downing's mill race, he makes a pause at the Horse Shoe Road, "leading from the P. & L. T. road n. 50½° w. abt ½ mile, then circling round to the left crossing the Brandywine and falling into the Downingtown, Ephrata & Harrisburg T road abt 1½ miles above the P. & L. T. road."



notes an angle and observes: "At this angle the Old L. road leaves the T. road and passes along in front of John Edge's House but is shut up and

vacated from this angle to where it intersects the T. road again beyond Wm. Hawley's Tavern, Sign of the Waggon—then it is open to Lancaster." This note is accompanied by two plots.



Hawley's Wagon must not be confused with the Wagon (now 'Squire Grubb's House) in West Caln. Hawley's

stood on the south side of the Turnpike, a little west of the present residence of James G. Fox. An old gentleman familiar with its sign informs me that it pictured four horses to a wagon with a little pony in a circle underneath. It was a favorite

pastime for frequenters of this hostelry to bet with new comers on the number of horses on the sign. "Four," was the common almost invariable answer; whereupon a shout went up—"The drinks are on you, you forgot the little pony in the circle."

But why consume time with angles and mile stones? Why? Because of what Carlyle would call "the confused mass of noise" which still echoes over the courses of these old high-ways. It is infinitely more refreshing, I admit, to stand in front of one of the Pennsylvania Railroad arches and mark a double horizon, or wander along Thousand Acre Run, and watch it as it rushes down the hill-side, to supply the engines with water, or to create its wonderful pictures of beauty. I see "the Special" lapping up its waters, and say to myself, the mission of the turnpike is over, when suddenly the horn of the automobile admonishes me that my reflections are only the Accommodations that are ended.



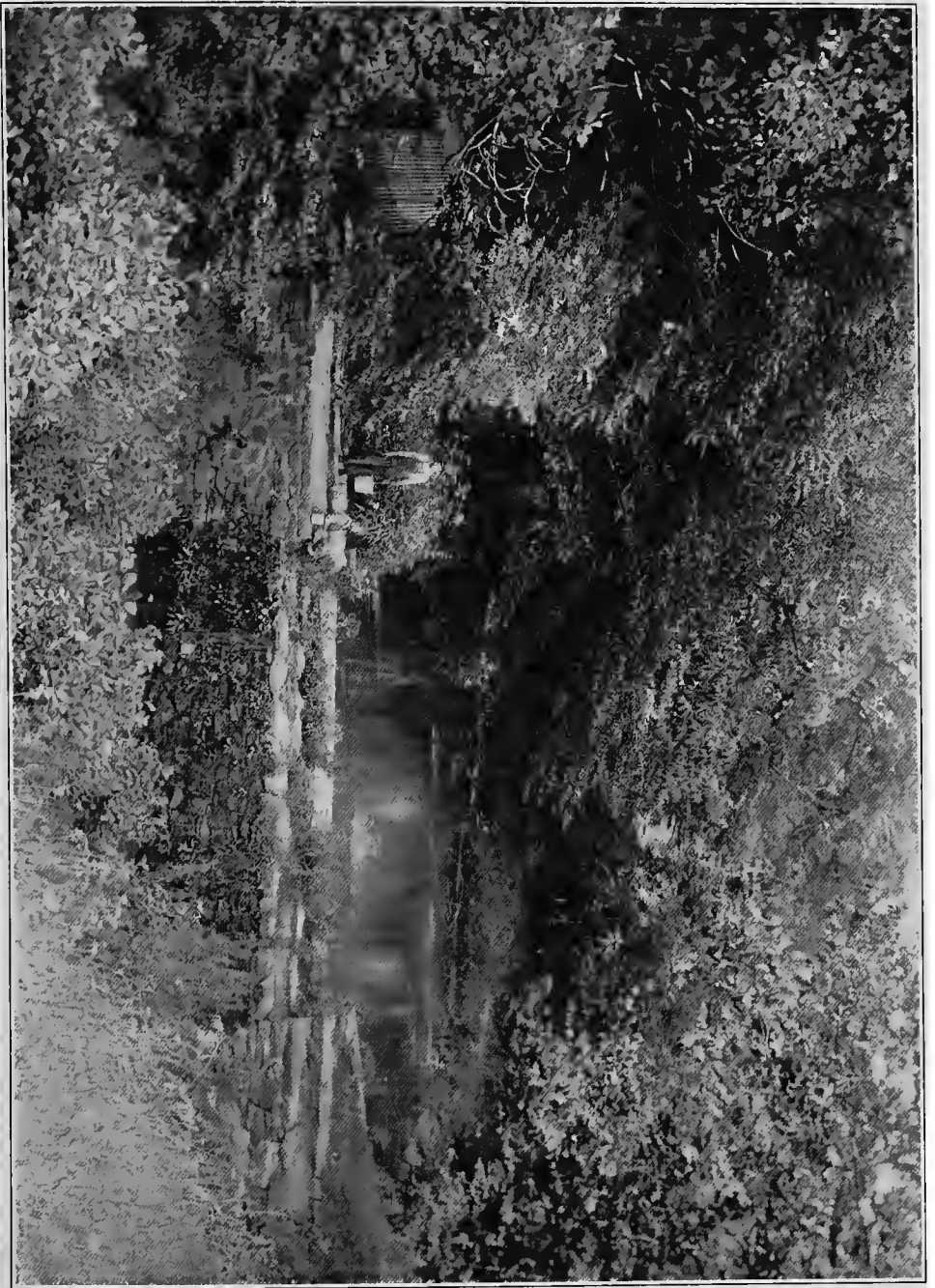
**PHILADELPHIA AND DOWNING-
TOWN**

**ACCOMMODATION
STAGE.**

THE public are respectfully informed that the subscribers have commenced running a line of Stages from Downingtown to Philadelphia, called the

ACCOMMODATION.

They have been induced to set up this line for the accommodation of the inhabitants of Downingtown and the way passengers on

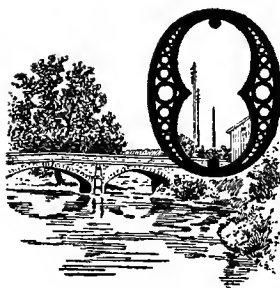


"ALONG THOUSAND ACRE RUN." Page 128.

THE MUTTERINGS OF THE BRIDGE.

"They call me Mad, and well they may,
When full of rage and trouble,
I burst my banks of sand and clay,
And sweep their wooden bridge away,
Like withered reeds or stubble."

Longfellow—Mad River.



LD? No! I have but turned a century and stand erect as when the turnpike company first cut the figures on my date-stone. Even then this Downingtown was not a common country stopping-place, but claimed to be the chief town of the county. The older people called her Milltown, and quite rightly too, for all the mills were hers—merchant and grist and saw and hemp.

But she had other claims besides her industries. Hers was no mean society. Visitors from the Capitol enjoyed her hospitality and wrote her praise in poetry, and sometimes mentioned me.

A little further up the stream—just north of Beaver Creek—the Horse Shoe Road brought farmers down across the wooden bridge to look at me. So pleased were they with my appearance that the next year afterwards, they asked the court to strengthen the abutments of their wooden bridge with heavier stone. I saw the stone—rough stone and heavy, but no one put

a chisel on them as they did on me. They only hammered, hammered, hammered, and brought great heaps of gravel. Hains was the man who did the work—a sturdy fellow with an honest face. I still recall the day when calling to his men, who were about to leave, he said, “We’ll have to get more stone to keep this stream in bounds,” and then more stone was gotten and more gravel, too. At last a jury came to view it, who first came out to look at me, and then walked up that bank. When they came back and told how Hains had done his work even better than his contract called for, Hains rubbed his hands and laughed—a hearty laugh: and proudly said, “I think that bridge will stand.” ’Twas just about the time another turnpike started on the western side, and those who owned it bridled Beaver Creek and made it do their bidding. When this was open travelers left the old road, and I seldom heard the tramp of horses on its floor. The boys would run across it (so they said) or else walk softly till they reached the portholes, and look down upon the fish that sought the sunbath in the shallow water.

One day the wind was blowing and some shingles fell down from its top. A little later came a gust of rain, and pouring through the hole, ripped off a broken plank; and not long afterwards a great stone tumbled in the stream, but no one cared, they said the road had been vacated, and the bridge was useless. ’Tis hard to see a bridge decay. I’ve seen both, but far more men than bridges. One evening late in April, when the stream was high, I heard a man say, as he shook the water off his hat, “twill be a hard night for the wooden bridge.” The rain kept falling on till midnight, then it ceased, and through the dull and heavy mist I saw the moon peep out behind an ugly cloud. I saw the flood of rising waters. They err who call this stream the gentle, slowly moving Brandywine. Could they but see it in an angry mood they’d soon revise their terms. I saw, and shook with fear. It seemed as if the tide must reach the key-



"OLD? NO! I HAVE BUT TURNED A CENTURY." Page 129.

stone of my arch, then I heard a groan like trees make when they fall against each other in the forest, followed by a loud hurrah of boisterous waters. I looked again, and saw what seemed a mass of moving blackness that rose and sunk alternately. Bracing myself, I waited in the darkness—till its timbers struck me and I knew no more till morning, when I heard the milkman say, “the bridge went down last night.”

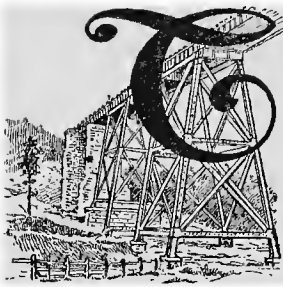
Do I remember Robert Brooke—the young surveyor who, when this road was finished, made a book of surveys? It seems but yesterday he sat beneath a tree that leaned like yonder buttonwood across the stream, and laid his instruments aside and sketched me. “A pretty bridge,” he said, and I felt scarcely flattered by his compliment, for I was young and did look well; a gentle rain the day before had washed off every stain and trace of dust, but then I’d heard the self same words so often—every time the Wagoners drove their heavy teams across me. Across these stones? No, not these paving stones, but others that were long since ground to dust. A lusty lot these Wagoners were that stopped here for the night. One, by the name of “Devil Bill,” would entertain the crowd with fearful tales, which “even to name would be unlawful.” A few months after they had gone some country Marguerite would come, and bending low, would drop her scalding tears upon my coping.

Once, in the year of 1812, a Wagoner drove his wagon with great broad bands of white across its sides, and on the muslin, there was printed in black letters so that all could read it as he passed, “The war is over, peace has been declared.” And peace did come, and then the railroads. Oh, how many things I’ve seen and heard. Relate them? No, although I own I am a century old, I’m not yet garrulous. I still can keep my secrets, still can be as dumb as stone.

ALONG THE CREEK ROAD.

"Now roves the eye
And, posted on this speculative height,
Exults in its command."

The Sofa—Cowper.



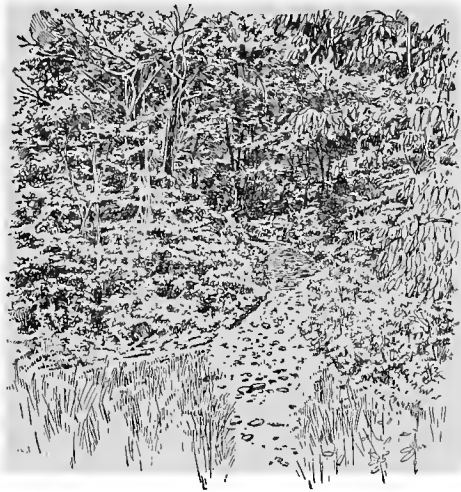
THE bridge on the Low Grade Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad south of Downingtown, offers a point of view from which the general features of the Valley of the Brandywine below and the hill country above the town, can be clearly seen. Considered as an engineering feat, the bridge is praiseworthy, but the railroad company deserves censure for not making this observation point easier of access. In deference to an indulgent public, its engineers should have provided at least one path on each side of the embankment. As it is, you must either walk a considerable distance along the line or climb up over stones and cinders. Once up, however, you are repaid. At first you will not notice the prospect so much as the triangular shape of your companion—if you have one. So high is this bridge that involuntarily visitors spread out their feet to furnish pyramidal bases for their heads. When the palpitation incidental to the unexpected passage of a freight train has subsided, and one's legs resume their functions, the views on either side appear



"THE HILLS OF BRADFORD." Page 133.

most pleasing. Northward is the long line of the Valley Hills, with a great gap at Dowlin's Forge ; underneath you is Solitude Picnic Grounds, with its sombre pine trees, silver stream and rich green meadows, dotted here and there with piles of paper boards, while southward the Brandywine and the Electric Road to West Chester run companionably together for some miles, until they lose themselves among the hills of Bradford.

At the foot of the railroad embankment on the western side of the Brandywine, a path leads up to the Young Men's Christian Association Quarters at the top of Laurel Hill. The walk to these quarters is one that taxes wind and muscle. The hill is covered with small chestnut timber, everywhere interspersed with laurel, the path itself being lined with ferns. Up! up! up! over slippery stones, until a flag-pole shows itself, then ten puffs more and you are at the top, in the midst of cottages and agreeable people.



On the south side of Laurel Hill a well traveled foot-path goes down to the Creek Road. This road is a favorite drive and deservedly so. On the right are precipitous hills bristling with trees, on the left are sunny meadows, and a stream just noisy enough to be companionable.

A few years ago the West Chester Electric Railway Company laid out a park for colored people in one of the meadows, and tried to woo them by giving it the name of Brandywine. To-day a few boards show the site of a dancing pavilion, and a

couple of broken planks mark the location of a former bridge leading to it.



A mile or so from the railroad bridge, at one of the turns in the Creek Road, a huge rock raises itself and apparently blocks the highway. Apparently only; for the road winds gracefully around it, and having done so, straightens itself again. This rock is known to all lovers of trailing arbutus, for many a bunch of that wandering flower has been gathered near its top. A century ago it was called "Hawley's Rock." A lonely spot on a dark night! A delightful resting place on an August afternoon! Of recent years it looks much better than it used to, better since the rains have washed off the advertisements from its rugged sides and left them free for the delicate decorations of the pretty, but poisonous ivy. From this rock it is scarcely an eighth of a mile to the ruins of Hawley's saw mill, where a boisterous run contributes its waters to the Brandywine and adds a feature to what is confessedly one of the most picturesque scenes from Downingtown to Lenape.

A little further down the stream stands Gibson's Bridge, directly opposite, Harmony Hill Station, on the Electric Road. The hamlet that gave the name to the station lies a mile eastward, and was once known as "Scalp Level." The Indians were not—as some have suggested—responsible for this sinister designation, but an antagonist of Moses Hiddleston, who fouled him in a wrestling match.



"THE ROCK ABOVE THE BRIDGE." Page 135.

To those historically inclined, the dwelling house of Peter Pollock (once the property of William Sugar) will prove particularly attractive. Here, if reports be true, was once a station on the Underground Railroad, where a fugitive slave could close his eyes in sleep and dream of freedom.



At Sugar's Bridge, a quarter of a mile below, the Brandywine makes a turn to the east. In the rock above the bridge some visitors have thought they could discern the rough-hewn features of an Indian Chieftain. It needs an agile fancy and a

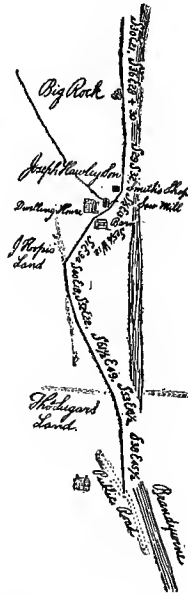


keen, bright eye, to see this outline clearly, and having neither of these requisites, I generally pass on to Hiddleston's Wheelwright Shop. Poor Joe! *Nil nisi bonum*, I never shall forget the time I met him meditating at a cross-roads up in Wallace Township: "There aint no use in coming here to skirmish for Commissioner," says he, "for sixteen of 'em has passed me by al-

ready, and every one of 'em says as how he's got the township."

South of his shops a stone's throw or two, lies Scott's Island, a quiet, dreamy place, where many go to fish and sleep, assured that when they waken their poles will not be in the least disturbed.

Below Scott's Island, Valley Creek empties itself into the Brandywine. This creek rises in Chester Valley, east of Glenloch, and takes its name from its source. Every fisherman knows it—knows it well. In other days it was a home for fall fish, even now it shelters a few. Almost every schoolboy has sat on its rocks, or stretched himself out on some of its bridges, or followed it up, along the shady road by Grubb's mill to the turning point of its course, near a bridge of the Pennsylvania Railroad.



ROAD PLOT SHOWING HAWLEY'S MILL.



"COPE'S DAM." Page 137.

COPE'S DAM.

“ ‘Take my bait, O Sturgeon, Nahma,
Come up from below the water,
Let us see which is the stronger;’
And he dropped his line of cedar
Through the clear, transparent water,
Waited vainly for an answer,
Long sat waiting for an answer,
And repeating loud and louder,
‘Take my bait, O King of Fishes.’ ”

Longfellow—Hiawatha.



COPE'S DAM! Could one believe but a tithe of the round, well varnished tales of well known fishermen, the big fish that makes this dam its habitat, and daily takes its bait in courses, must long since have had its mouth adorned with all varieties of hooks.

“When I was at Cope's dam,” has been for years a common prelude to a successful breach of the Ninth Commandment; then follows an exhibition of a warped pole and broken line, or at least a badly strained and battered reel. To use judicial language, he “rests his case” on these exhibits.

And yet, when one considers it, what more convincing proof could a fisherman produce? Lines and poles and reels are all the equipments that any fisherman takes with him, except his bottle, which being lost in his strenuous struggles with the

"Nahma" of the dam, cannot of course be offered, and if it could be, it would furnish neither evidence of skill in fishing nor I fear much opportunity for fellowship.

"Can't you answer the question without repeating it," I have heard a judge inquire, when he had reason to suspect a witness of treasonable designs on truth. For the same reason one feels like asking a fisherman who starts with this ancient formula, "Can't you tell your tale without that 'Cope's Dam' preface?" "Give us a beginning, at least, with some flavor of originality!" In vain! in vain! Before the mind can frame its words of disapproval, the old and slippery introduction has led its user into the miry marshes of mendacity, whence all extrication is impossible. Once there was reason to hope for its gradual discontinuance, but the inconsiderate action of the West Chester and Downingtown Electric Road, in placing a station at Alton, only a half mile distant from the dam, has furnished both inducement and opportunities for its further and more general use; by giving its patrons an inexpensive ride in the morning to the fishing ground, and by failing to provide them on their return in the evening with a more rational explanation of their empty creels.

Less than twenty years ago, seen from the hill above the old mill, Ingram's dam and its surroundings were supremely beautiful. To-day, while some of this superlative beauty is missing, and much of its framework gone, there is enough remaining to stir the poet's heart, inspire the artist's pencil, and even cause a careless and indifferent traveler to slacken the reins upon his horse.

The centre of the picture is much the same as ever. In the foreground, at the breast, the waters seem to linger for a moment as if they feign would bid farewell to the dam which has received and sheltered them, and to the trees whose glorious foliage they so faithfully reflected in their passing. But



"THE OLDEST MAN IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD." Page 139.

other waters follow and force them over the falls. See! there they go, splashing back their adieus, till by and by the current seizes them and bears them onward—onward toward the rock at the turn.

In the dam the dark reflections are as perfect as they used to be, and but for a momentary disturbance when some passing heron skims its surface, it would seem as if the water has really forgotten that its mission is to flow. But let him describe it who can. Nay, since this scene was created not for description, but for enjoyment, rather let its quiet beauty pass into his heart. If our more sluggish natures prevent our emotions from rising to the heights of the Swiss girl who, passing through this portion of East Bradford, suddenly sprang from the seat of her carriage and startled its other occupants with the shout of "Switzerland! Oh Switzerland!" we can at least



thank God for a landscape of such beauty within walking distance of home.

On the western side of the road stands Ingram's Mill. In the dwelling house opposite the mill, sitting in an easy chair upon the porch, is the father of its present owner—the oldest man in the neighborhood—James Ingram. Time has touched him, but not dealt unkindly with him. While the wrinkles are deeper set than when I last saw him, the step unsteadier, the grasp of his hand less firm, while he moves in narrowing circles he has by no means reached the last. He can still carve and raise strawberries. The cane that rests by his chair is his own work and full of symbolism. I ask for his health, and he replies :

"Well, I've lost my locomotion and a little of my memory

for the last two years, but otherwise I'm not so bad for a man of eighty-two. Eighty-two, that's my age. There were five of us brothers two years ago, and our ages added together made just four hundred years. Now there are only two of us—Torbert and myself. He's eighty-six and I'm eighty-two."

"I kind o' think, I kind o' think," said he, "I'm the only man that ever rode with Stephen Girard in his gig—that is, the only man that's living. Now, the way of it was this: Father was a contractor. He built the Blockley Almshouse, Cherry Hill and Girard College—that is, all except the marble work. Well, Stephen sent for him, and I went with him. Stephen wanted him to see a farm of his down on the Neck. 'What'll I do with the boy?' says Father. 'Throw him in the gig,' says Stephen, and in I went. I tell you the road was rough. I was on the ground when they laid the foundation-stone of the College, and I could pick it out to-day."

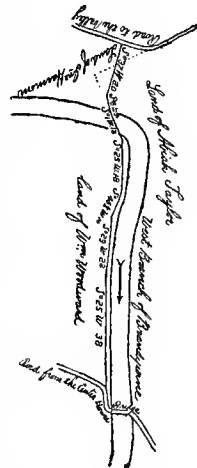
"Have I any Indian darts? I have about five hundred, besides spear heads and axes, all of them found in these fields around here, and at Robert Johnson's—all except two." How my fingers tingled as I went through the box. What variety of stone, what variety of form. Some of them were rough, with little signs of labor, others were carefully ground and finished.

One was a flint, another a jasper, and there—why, these are strangers to our soil. What brought them to this land of the Delawares? Thou long, dark, murderous looking spear head, what is thy history? Wast thou lost in some display of skill, or didst thou pass in deadly conflict through some rival's heart? What hands moulded thee, thou dainty little arrow head, and pestle stone, how long ago did some fair Deborah bruise the corn beneath thy blows? I wait their answer, but no answer comes. I only hear my old friend asking, "Do you know when they put in bass?" "No." "Well, I'll tell you, for I was one of



them—one of the men, I mean, that put them in. Zebe Townsend, Brother Torbert and the rest of us chipped in, and raised three hundred dollars; then we notified the government to send them on, and they sent them on to Northbrook. Caught them in the Potomac—sent them to Northbrook in a tank. From Northbrook we hauled them in hogsheads. Hugh E. Steele, below Coatesville, got some—some more went to the Hoopes' place at Wawasset, and the rest of them—just eighty, came here. When was it? about eighteen hundred and seventy-two. Thirty years ago. Now, there's not much in the dam but carp, but there used to be fish in the Brandywine—yes, there used to be. Why, in '58, Brother Alban and I started out to fish one day, from the Poor House to Embreeville—about a mile and a half, and in just three hours we had a bushel of fall fish, none of them less than a foot, and lots of them eighteen inches."

In 1782, and for several years before, John Hannum had a mill not far from the present site of Ingram's. In November of that year he presented a petition to the Court of Quarter Sessions of Chester County, on the ground of "public necessity"—a synonym in too many instances for private interests—asking for a jury to lay out a road leading from his mill "into a road leading from the Centre House (Marshallton) to the East Branch of Brandywine Creek. The jury appointed by the Court laid out the road in accordance with his views, crossing the Brandywine just south of his mill, and running down the west side. The surveyor inadvertently (as the plot shows) affixed the word "West" instead of "East," to the Brandywine, but the petition, location, and the subsequent vacation of the road, which occurred in February, 1801, show it to have been the Eastern Branch.



Hannum was one of three Commissioners appointed by a "Supplement" of 1784, "to build a new court house and prison in the county of Chester, and sell the old court house and prison in the borough of Chester." By the terms of the "Supplement" the new buildings were not to be erected at a greater distance than one mile and a half from the Turk's Head Tavern in the township of Goshen.

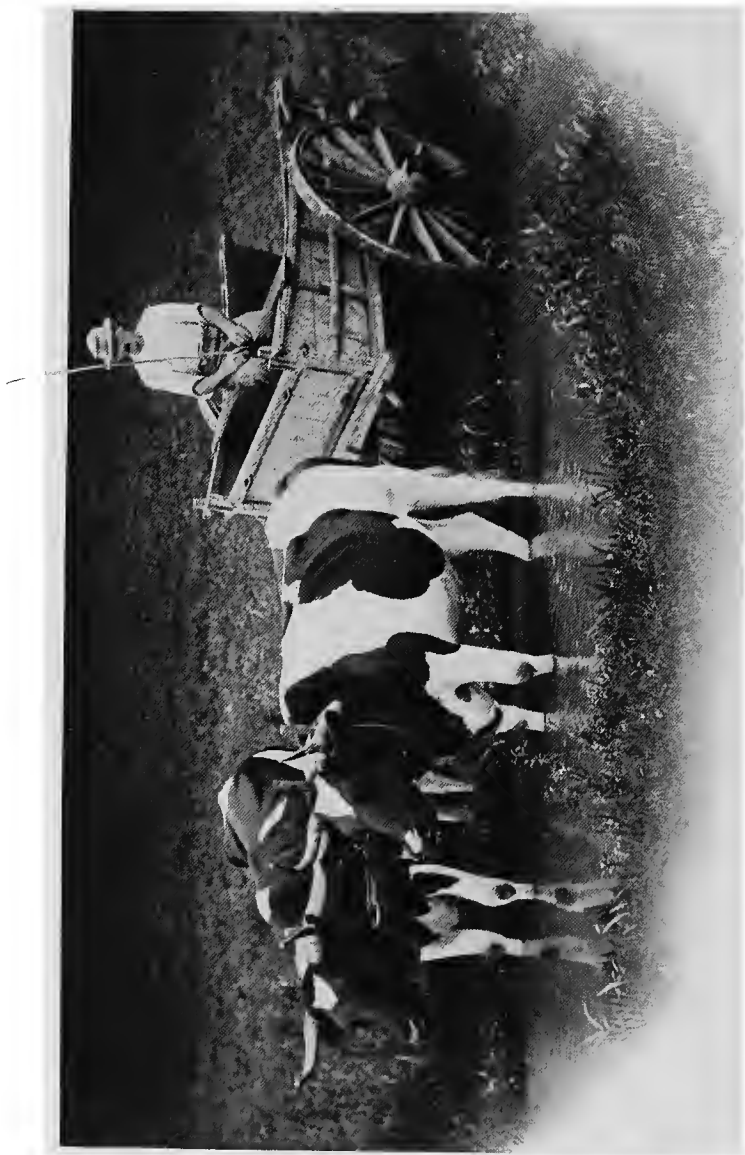
It was rumored that Hannum fixed this distance in the hope of locating these public buildings on his own lands on the left bank of the Brandywine, near the junction of Valley Creek. "The tradition is fortified," says one, "by the circumstance that the 'Supplement' required the said buildings to be to the West or Southwest of said Turk's Head Tavern, and on or near the straight line from the ferry called the corporation ferry on Schuylkill, to the Village of Strasburgh, which straight line would pass through or very near to the *Colonel's* land. But he was mistaken in his distance, for his premises proved to be more than two miles from the Turk's Head."

Reader, I have never fished at this place, but I confess to looking on. Years ago, when farmers were allowed a little recreation after harvest, in their own streams, on their own grounds, with the only means their busy life allowed them to use, I walked over to the dam one day, attracted by a group of men upon the banks.

"What an iligant place it is for car-rp," said an Irishman standing by.

"Have any been caught here," I asked.

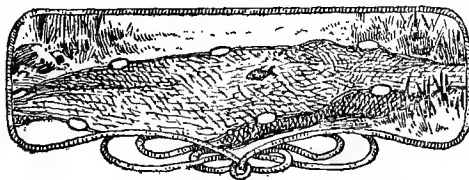
"Divil a one," said he. "They're all here, ivery one." There were eight men in the group, eight men with a large seine. It was a tedious process; first they removed the cover, then they stretched the net out on the grass to inspect it. After the meshes were carefully examined, they fastened up the holes, increased the leads, tried the ropes, until all were satisfied



‘A YOKE OF WELL GROOMED OXEN.’ Page 164.

that everything was in order ; then they entered—eight fishermen, every one.

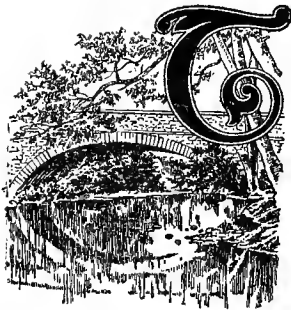
“I’m stuck in the mud,” said a little fellow, who disappeared for a minute, and then came up again playing like an intermittent fountain, “I’m stuck in the mud.” They assigned a taller man to his position, and by slow and easy stages, all took their places once again, and the swinging movement began. “The net must be full of ’em,” said the fellow at the end, “for I feel a big one now.” “It’s me foot ye’ve got hold of,” cried his companion in the middle. “Now aise her or I’ll kick ye.” So it proceeded. At last, by dint of struggle and sweat and strife, the foremost of them managed to reach the bank, where he shouted to a negro standing by, “Bring the pans and bring them quick.” Slowly the net came in, fold after fold : plenty of mud, some crooked branches—more mud and old roots, but nothing in the way of fish, until the last fold was reached, and then down, down, down, in the lowest bottom of the net, a little sunfish could be seen, with its gills caught in some string that had been used to tie up the meshes—that was all—a little sunfish splattered with mud.



COPE'S BRIDGE.

"Oh Horace! the rustic still rests by the river,
But the river flows on, and flows past him forever!"

Meredith—Lucile.



THIS is Cope's Bridge, stranger, built in 1807, at a cost of twenty-six thousand dollars. Search the Bridge Dockets in the office of the Clerk of Courts and you will discover the names of the petitioners; make your examination thorough enough and you will find every detail of its cost; meanwhile let me rest. Beside this old stone wall let me remember and dream.

More than a quarter of a century has floated down this stream since I first cast my line into its waters and waited—ate my lunch and waited—for the fish that swam around and eyed, but never touched my bait.

Since then, what changes time has wrought. The wood to the east of the road is a mere thicket now, the lofty oaks in whose tops the gray squirrels played and felt themselves secure, have fallen beneath the woodman's axe; the road itself, which almost touched the stream, has been vacated, while the mill wheel opposite, stands motionless, and rots.

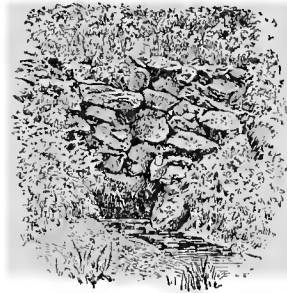


"COPE'S BRIDGE." Page 144.

Never have I passed this bridge on foot without stopping ; rarely have I driven over it without bringing my horse to a walk. Wrapped in buffalo robes, I have looked out of my sleigh when the icy hand of winter lay heavy on the stream, when the trees were bare and shrunken, and the old mill stood like some wretched outcast, shivering in the gale.

I have seen it in the Spring-time, when the hand of winter was relaxed and its waters flowed joyously to the song of birds, when lovers drove along the road, and the stream leaped up in spray to kiss the flowers on its banks.

Beyond that bend, under the cool shade of yonder maples, many a tired fisherman has sought relief from the noontide glare of a summer sun, and slaked his thirst at the sparkling waters of Laurel Spring. Many a carriage, too, has stopped while some dainty hand dug up a fern that nestled in the shadows of those shelving rocks.



In other Autumns I have stood, as now I stand, looking at the leaves in their coats of russet and gold, scattered by the winds upon the stream, whirling around in the eddies, or slowly moving out of sight. At other times I have seen, as now I see, the great shadows which the sycamores cast, and the strong reflection of the arches in the stream, but to-day, as lazily I gaze upon the scene, it seems to be all shot through with childhood's memories : the central rock grows larger—the waters deepen—the trees to the right of the road begin to show a more expansive growth, and the laughter of children mingles with the sound of grinding. A dull, monotonous grinding, perchance, you think. Yes, but wonderfully companionable to the timidity of childhood that loved it for its constancy. Will the time ever come,

when I shall cease to remember this spot? Who can answer my query?

“Tis said that when life is ended here,
The spirit is borne to a distant sphere ;
That it visits its earthly home no more,
Nor looks on the haunts it loved before.
But why should the bodiless soul be sent
Far off to a long, long banishment?
Talk not of the light and living green,
It will pine for the dear, familiar scene ;
It will yearn in that strange bright world to behold
The rock and the stream it knew of old.”

Cope's bridge was the outcome of an application to the Court at February Term, 1804, setting forth that the wooden bridge at this spot, erected in 1789, was fast going to decay, and would soon be dangerous for heavily loaded wagons to pass over. It also pointed out the great increase of travelling on the New State Road, and the consequent necessity for a substantial bridge over so great a stream. Anticipating objections, it concluded with a potent argument with which to silence all captious and exacting taxpayers—"when once erected permanently it will never again cost the county anything of consequence hereafter."

Chester County owes the signers of this petition a debt of gratitude, a debt which it can partially repay by instructing its Commissioners hereafter not to replace the iron "monstrosities" which span the Brandywine, with anything less substantial, or less beautiful than stone. Wyebrooke, Downingtown and Copetown, have bridges worthy of the stream they cross; bridges that delight the eye of the stranger and improve the taste of the permanent resident of the county.

Prior to the erection of the wooden bridge in 1789, referred to in the petition for the stone one, there had been a bridge of some kind across the stream at this point. The return of the



"THE ROCK AND STREAM IT KNEW OF OLD." Page 146.

jury of view, laying out the road west of the Brandywine, from Hannum's Mill, made in 1785, mentions a bridge, and the plot accompanying it, shows one. A document supposed to have been written in 1769, contains the following language :

"Whereas the Neighborhood as well as Travellers & Market people from some Distance are under Great Difficulty & danger for want of a Bridge upon the East Branch of Brandywine Creek on the road Leading from Doe Run by Joseph Martin's Tavern to Philadelphia at the Ford called Taylor's ford in East Bradford, Chester county,

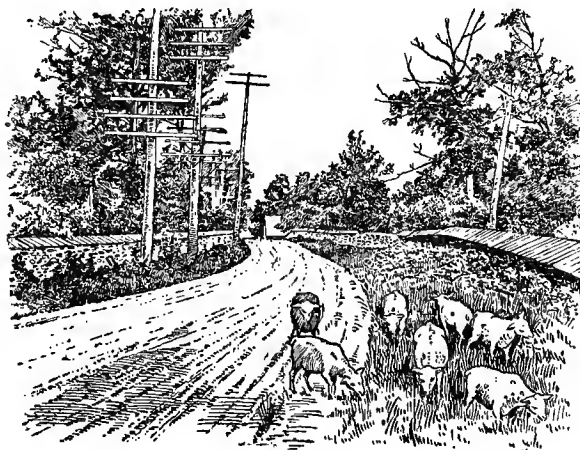
"Therefore this is proposed as an Essay with respect to it to see what Encouragement can be had by way of Subscription where all persons who are desirous or willing to promote ye Building a Bridge at ye s^d place may subscribe according to their good pleasure herein.

"It is intended to have it made sufficiently strong and planked over for men & horses to pass &c and Abiah Taylor and Nathan Cope appointed to undertake ye work &c. have ye oversight of the same and get ye logs and other Timber Necessary prepared against Next Summer to have it Raised and all persons that subscribe any thing toward s^d Bridge such of them that Chuseth to pay their subscriptions in work at it, shall be allowed to work out the same at such work as they are capable of they attending on ye work when Requeset."

The last signature to this document is "John Coope." It would be interesting to know whether this is the John Cope of whom we read in the records of Bradford Meeting, for the year 1748; the John Cope who was expected to declare his intentions of marriage with Elizabeth Fisher, and did not appear, "which is thought to be occasioned by the great floods." If it is, while we cannot wholly forgive him for displaying so little of the ancient spirit of Leander, who was willing to brave the Hellespont for his Hero, or the modern spirit of Lochinvar, who

“swam the Eske river, where ford there was none,” still he deserves some commendation for his efforts to provide against any disappointments of any future Elizabeths.

In 1793, the Legislature of Pennsylvania appropriated the sum of four hundred dollars for viewing and laying out a road from Philadelphia to the Borough of York, in York County, through West Chester and Strasburg, crossing the Susquehanna at a place commonly called “Blue Rock.” As there was no convenient ferry over the Susquehanna at Blue Rock, nor could be, it seemed to some of the inhabitants of Lancaster County that the opening of a part of this road would be burdensome and useless. Accordingly, the Legislature directed only so much of the road to be opened as lay between the City of Philadelphia and the Village of Strasburg. This was done in 1794, whereupon the Village of Strasburg blessed it with its name. From Cope-



town the Strasburg Road continues in a westerly direction, passing over the Western Brandywine at Mortonville, a distance of about six miles. Shortly after its construction, many who had occasion to travel it, either by horse or on foot, complained that it was most injudiciously located over hills, which might have



"BRIDGES THAT DELIGHT THE EYE." Page 146.

been readily avoided ; others asserted that the route was wisely chosen, avoiding swampy ground, and affording a safe road for driving stock or the passage of heavily laden wagons.

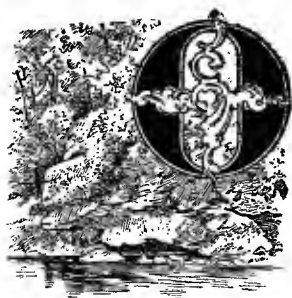
In using this road, you will find your opinion varying with the seasons. On a hot day, the hills seem almost interminable, and you take your stand with the complainants ; on a wet night in Spring, when the frost and rains have combined to make level roads almost impassable, upon turning into the Strasburg you experience emotions similar to Paul's when he met the brethren near the Three Taverns on the road to Rome.



DEBORAH'S ROCK.

"This spot indeed,
Were worthy some tradition; hast thou none
Stored in thy memory, to beguile the time,
While the sky burns above us?"

Barry Cornwall.



ON the western side of the Brandywine, four hundred yards or so below Cope's bridge, there rises at the water's edge a precipitous mass of rock seventy feet high. The ascent on the north is steep and rugged, but a little exertion soon brings you to the top. When your breath is recovered, you are inclined to dispute the modest estimate of seventy feet, and are quite willing to affirm that it must exceed a hundred. I shared this opinion myself, but taking a ball of twine and fastening a stone to one end, I flung it into the stream and found my error.

Looking westwardly from the summit, you perceive that this mass of rock is the eastern terminus of the highlands between you and Marshallton, a mile and a half distant. Facing about, the view, while not a comprehensive one, is interesting. To the left is the Strasburg Road leading to West Chester. It climbs the hill this side of the Old Black Horse Inn, and disappears. Southeastwardly, on the road running from the Stras-



"DEBORAH'S ROCK." Page 150.

burg road to Jefferis's Bridge, at a distance of five hundred paces from the other side of the Brandywine, is a "Little Red House," still bearing its tablet with the chiseled figures, "1724." The stream that flows near it, over which one can jump, is Black Horse Run. It rises north of the Strasburg and empties its waters into the Brandywine about an eighth of a mile from where you stand. From the crest of Deborah's Rock, looking southward over the rich meadow land, you can see "the Island," formed by a division of the stream, while a backward glance northward reveals a comparatively level pathway to the Strasburg, overlooked before.



The descent on the southern side is gradual and shaded with trees. Once down, you can readily pass in front of a part of the rock, and form a crude conception of its outline, but to obtain a complete view, you must cross to the other side, where, seated on a stump, or backed up against some old sycamore, you can look it squarely in the face. In summer, when the trees are in full foliage, portions of its rocky features are concealed, but toward the end of October, when the leaves have mostly fallen, every line of its rough and seamy face is clearly visible. Ten or fifteen feet from the water's edge, a part of the rock projects itself above the margin of land that lies beyond the edge of the stream, and darkly frowns upon the water, discountenancing all further encroachments. Under the shelter of this overhanging rock on any day in August, you can find at least one fisherman angling for carp.

The last time I saw the rock, a colored woman was sitting under it upon a heap of stones, puffing away at her pipe, catching a few minnows, oblivious to the noise of some carp that were playing leap frog with each other not fifty yards away.

Artists have often attempted to paint this rock, photographers to reproduce it, but always with indifferent success. Something is invariably lacking in both picture and photograph. "Peculiar shadows, confound them," they say, shadows that they find nowhere else along the stream.

May not the reason lie deeper? Will not all attempts prove abortive, until artists learn the lesson, at which Fra Lippo Lippi railed, and paint "no more of body than will show soul." There is something here beside mere rock, something that my line cannot measure nor your hammer strike, something ethereal that transfigures it—the Spirit of the Indian Deborah still animates the scene.

Deborah was an Indian maiden who gathered in her person all the dusky beauty of her tribe. This was the land of her fathers. In these meadows, by these streams that then ran full to their brim, the wigwams of her people stood, and up these rocks her forest hero chased the wild deer and grappled with the bear.

"A white man gazing on the scene,
Would say a lovely spot was here,
And praise the lawns so fresh and green,
Between the hills so shear.
I like it not, I would the plain
Lay in its tall old groves again.

"Methinks it were a nobler sight
To see these vales in wood arrayed,
Their summits in the golden light,
Their trunks in grateful shade,
And herds of deer that bounding go
O'er rills and prostrate trees below."



"DRAPER HAS SHOT THEM ALL." Page 164.

With the advent of the settler, there was a great change. Slowly the Indians fell back, until only a few remained. Among these was Deborah. Smitten with her charms a settler's son attempted to bend her to his will, and failed. He sought to seize her and she fled. Night was coming on apace, and in the darkness she mistook her way. The path she followed brought her to this rocky eminence, and here she halted. A moment later the sound of footsteps told her beating heart that safety was impossible: it was death or dishonor, and Deborah chose—death. Commending herself to the Great Spirit, she plunged into the stream and made her name immortal.

In one of Addison's papers on Sappho, he refers to a little temple dedicated to Apollo, on the top of a promontory in Acarnania, called Leucate. "In this temple it was usual for despairing lovers to make their vows in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the top of the precipice into the sea, where they were sometimes taken up alive. This place was therefore called the Lovers' Leap; and whether or no the fright they had been in or the resolution that could push them to so dreadful a remedy, or the bruises which they often received in their fall, banished all the tender sentiments of love, and gave their spirits another turn, those who had taken this leap were observed never to relapse into that passion. Sappho tried the cure, but perished in the experiment."

In the picturesque country of Wicklow—perhaps the most picturesque of all Ireland—the country that Dean Swift likened to "a frieze mantle fringed with gold lace," is the beautiful Glen of the Dargle. In the centre of this glen, hanging over the torrent, is a large crag, called the Lovers' Leap.

Years ago, there lived near the entrance of the Gargle a fair girl of whom a young man was greatly enamored. One morning she requested him to bring her some trifle from Dublin, begging him, at the same time, not to inconvenience himself,

but to wait till the next day. "Anxious to prove his devotion, the youth made no delay, but came back the same evening, just as the twilight was deepening into night. 'Flying on the wings of love,' he sought the haunt of his mistress, and found her sitting by the side of his rival. Instead of reproaching her for her rapid and cruel infidelity, he flung the bauble she had desired at her feet, and sprang, without a word, from off the rock."

Nature has not furnished us with a Leucate, not even a Glen Dargle, but tradition has been doubly kind to us in its presentations of two Deborahs—one heroic, the other pensive. A few bold strokes may serve to set forth the heroic, but pensiveness has need of softer colors than are found upon my palette, and must employ far subtler lines than my rough pen can make.

This spot was once a trysting place. Before these trees had sprouted, when yonder road was but a trail, an Indian's daughter here was wont to meet her pale-face lover. The moon alone looked down upon their meetings—these rocks alone gave audience to their vows. With Indian faithfulness she kept her pledge—with deep duplicity he played her false. Even when the truth was known she nightly visited this place, but never saw him more. With memory scored and heart all desolate, the moonlight found her once upon the cliff, intently gazing downward on the stream. It sought to soothe her sadness with its mildest beams, and painted pictures in the placid water, but all in vain. Her distraught mind no longer could distinguish between the sky and its reflections. Above, below, around her, everywhere the sky appeared to be inviting her to rest. At last she laid her head upon what seemed a floating pillow that bore her downward to the stream she loved and left her body to its gentle ministrations.

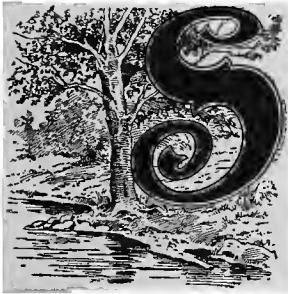


"WEST OF THE DESERTED VILLAGE IS 'THE ISLAND.'" Page 160.

BLACK HORSE RUN AND THE ISLAND.

"Bright shone the glory of the rising day,
When the fond traveller took his favorite way;
He mounted, gaily felt his bosom light,
And all he saw was pleasing in his sight."

Crabbe—The Lover's Journey.



UMMER drives through sylvan scenes !
What more could one desire? In 1815,
a public road was opened, beginning
in the Strasburg road about an eighth
of a mile east of Cope's Bridge, run-
ning south.

Of all the roads in close proximity
to West Chester, none is more gen-
erally travelled by pleasure seekers, than this. The road is level,
affords many views of the Brandywine, passes by several ob-
jects of interest, and ends in the State Road not more than a
few hundred yards from Jefferis's Bridge.

On the left side of this road a hundred yards or so from its
point of beginning, is the Little Red House that we saw from the
top of Deborah's Rock. I have often noticed strangers stand-
ing in front of its well bound hard brick walls, vainly endeavor-
ing to make out its date. It was built in 1724, by Abiah Tay-
lor, one of the earliest settlers in Bradford. Its bricks were not
shipped from England, as was at one time currently reported,

but were made from clay procured from a near-by field. Originally the window sashes were lead and the lights were very small, but within the memory of many who have seen it—possibly of some who read these lines, the lead was replaced with wood, and the size of the lights was materially increased.

Abiah Taylor settled on the Brandywine in 1702, and built a mill on one of its branches, about a quarter of a mile to the eastward. The sight of the mill can be seen from the Strasburg Road, but is often overlooked. In 1706, Abiah took up two hundred acres of land near by, and at once became, and remained for years, a prominent character in the township, enjoying the esteem of his neighbors and the confidence of the Court. The latter showed their estimate of his character by a variety of appointments, the former by the position they gave his signature on their numerous petitions.

Taylor was unquestionably a worthy name in the early annals of Bradford, so worthy—in the judgment of some of my Philistine friends—that even the Indian Deborah must bow before a Quaker matron who possessed but its reflected honor.

Considering the meager price Penn paid for all this fertile valley of the Brandywine, it does seem graceless to deny the Indian maiden's right to name this solitary rock, but to the argument :

On the twenty-fourth day of first month, commonly called January, one thousand seven hundred and fifty-nine, Samuel Taylor, of East Bradford, made his last will and testament, which gave unto his well-beloved wife, Deborah, so long as she remained a widow, a part of his plantation in the township; "Beginning at the gate as it now stands on the southwest side of my barn yard and so bound by a ditch on the south side and extends to Brandywine creek and to cross the said creek, and then by a strait westerly line to a ditch that leads to Thomas Worth's line and all the land to the northwest of the above men-



"THROUGH HIS KINDNESS I PRESENT THEM." Page 164.

tioned line to the land late of John Taylor untill it comes to a lane that leads from the house to the lay'd out road including an orchard by the barn."

As this devise embraced the rock, the rock received her name. How simple! legal! prosaic! I might accept it myself were it not for the fact that every time I gaze into the calm, still waters that rest in the shadows of this rock, I see reflected the outlines of the kindest face that ever looked into boyish eyes, and close beside it a childish figure, with his fist fast locked in his mother's hand, listening to the story of Deborah as only she could tell it. The story has grown common now; for many, the poetry has ebbed away until nothing remains but an empty, prosaic shell, but for him that shell still echoes with the music of *her* voice.

The creek that flows close by the garden of the Little Red House once bore the name of Taylor's Run, but with the granting of license to the Black Horse Inn—an old hostelry still standing on the Strasburg Road, about a half mile eastward from the Little Red House—it changed its name to that of the tavern near which it ran.

For many years the Black Horse Inn was kept by John Dickinson—a rough old fellow, strong in his hatreds and equally strong in his friendships.

When excited, which happened not infrequently, he would stamp his feet most vigorously; indeed, a spot behind the old bar where the floor was almost worn through, used to be pointed out as Dickinson's stamping grounds.

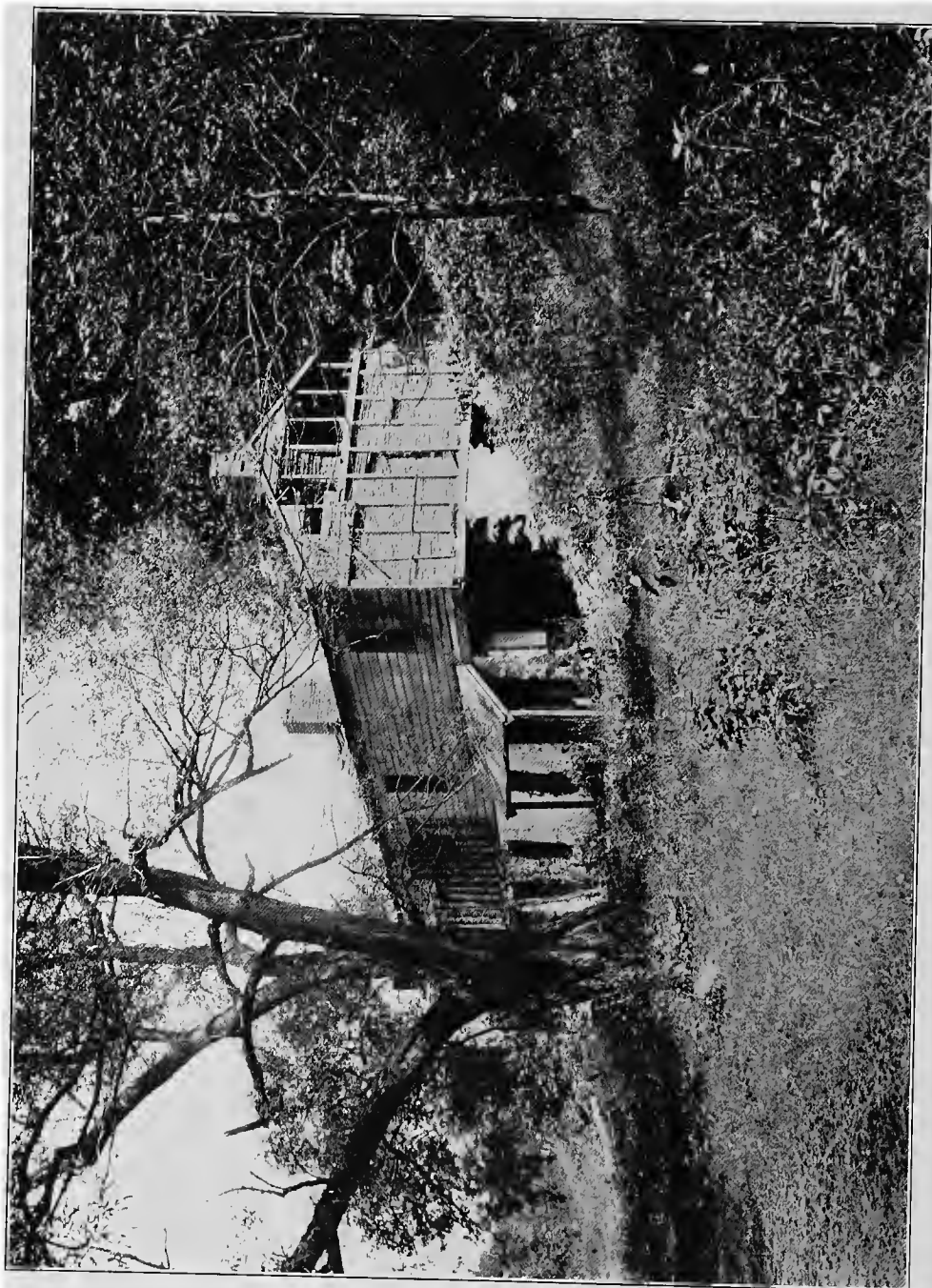
The table set by Dickinson was a bounteous one. His wife looked after that. No biscuits were so fresh as Kitty Dickinson's, no pies so full, and when it came to dumplings—well, King George himself, might well have been excused for asking "How got these apples in?"

A sturdy woman was the landlord's wife, and she had need

to be, for the hours were long and the work was hard, in the license days of the old Black Horse. But Kitty Dickinson believed her mission was to work, and she fulfilled it uncomplainingly. Even after the inn had lost its license she still rose at day break, still worked long into the night. I never knew a woman who so thoroughly enjoyed the preparation of a meal, and when she had prepared it, it was worth its price to see her blow a blast upon a shell that lay close by upon the table. So potent was her playing that harvest hands would drop their scythes at her very first note. Yes, a sturdy woman was the landlord's wife, and generous as sturdy. The boys that fished all knew her, and she knew them—knew the length of Bradford hills—knew how hard it was to climb them, carrying only a string of redfins, and how doubly hard when one had none to wave, in answer to a pert inquiry.

You, who abused her hospitality with your frequent calls, you, who too often sat in the open kitchen looking at the pans that shone like silver, while she went to find the remnants of the roast, or ends of cherry puddings, you, I know, can not forget her. Ah, generous soul,

“God rest thee for thy kindness
To many a hungry boy.”



‘HALF A DOZEN HOUSES HUDDLE TOGETHER.’ Page 160.

FROM THE ISLAND TO THE FORKS.

“ Here as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And many a year elapsed return to view,
Where once the cottage stood—the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast and burns the past to pain.”

Goldsmith—Deserted Village.



ESTWARD from West Chester two miles or more, on the eastern bank of the Brandywine, are Bowers' Paper Mills. "Are," did I say? I beg the reader's pardon. "Were" is the more appropriate word, unless four walls alone can make a mill, for walls are all that now remain. The rooms have been dismantled, the doors stand open on their broken hinges, and the shattered windows freely now admit the sunlight, which the dirty panes would otherwise have barred. There are no secrets now, no signs that bar admittance—historian, tramp, school boy and coon hunter, alike are welcome, or rather, the old mill is indifferent to each alike—it has no secrets now.

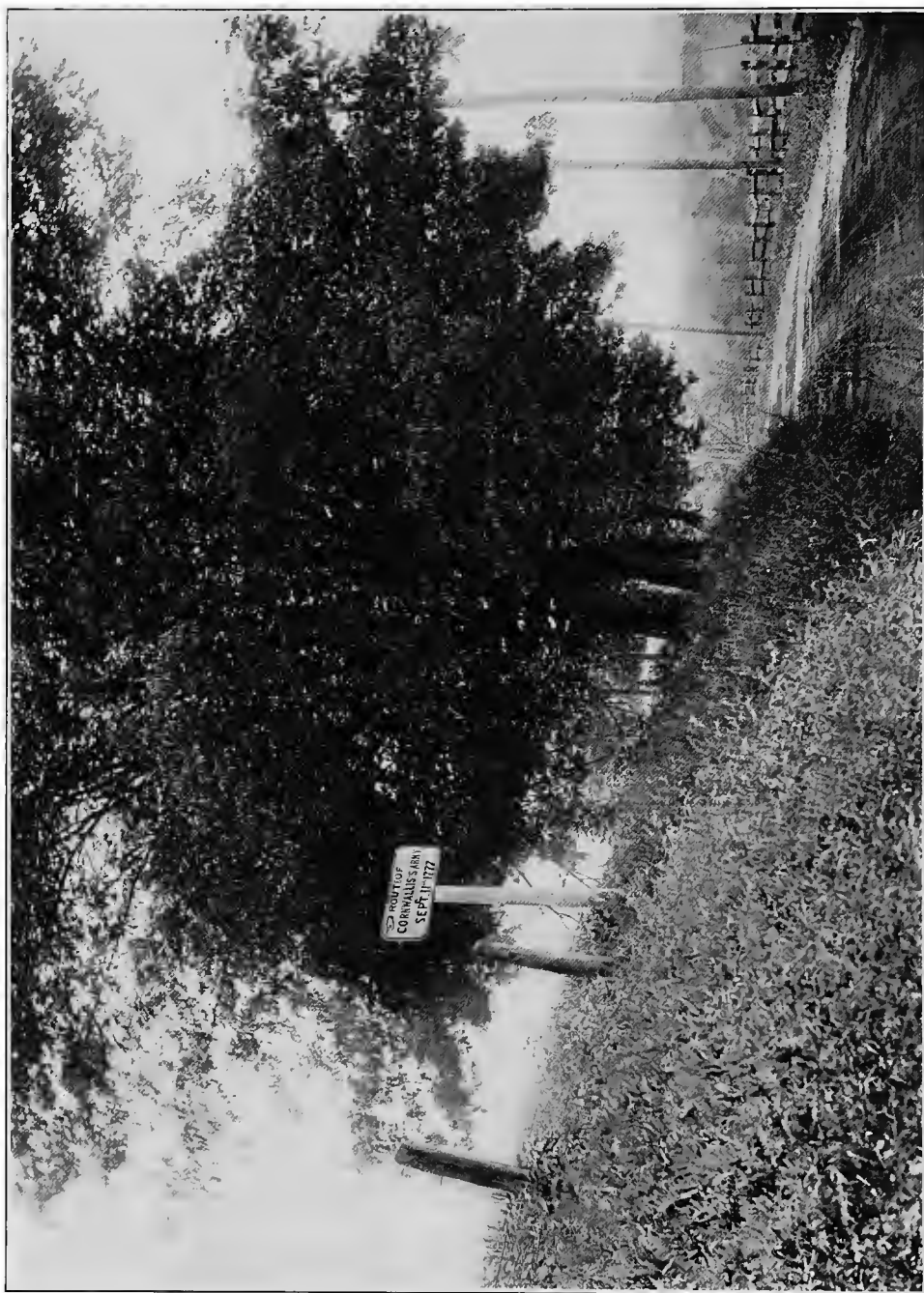
Diagonally from it, at the junction of the roads, the mansion shows evidences of quick decay, or galloping consumption. In vain the rose bush strives to hide the tottering porch, in vain a roving vine conceals in part a broken fence; November winds reveal it all. The tottering porch and broken fence, the leaky pipes, the walls discolored with many a stain, are all portentous—all suggestive of approaching ruin.

Just across the road half a dozen houses huddle together, their woeful and forlorn condition awakening the sympathy of every passer-by. Combinedly their strength is not enough to bear the ragged roof above them—*sans* windows, *sans* doors, they soon will be *sans* everything. Patiently have they waited for the old mill to resume its work, pitifully do they look at the mansion, now almost as wretched as themselves. Willingly would they fall and crumble into dust, could but one view be granted them of former times, when the mansion was surrounded by a garden of flowers, and a girlish figure, fairer than any flower, was swinging at the gate.

“How is it,” asks Balzac, “that men can never behold any ruins, even of the humblest kind, without feeling deeply stirred? Doubtless it is because they seem to be a typical representation of evil fortune whose weight is felt so differently by different natures. The thought of death is called up by a churchyard, but a deserted village puts us in mind of the sorrows of life; death is but one misfortune always foreseen, but the sorrows of life are infinite. Does not the thought of the infinite underlie all great melancholy?”

West of the Deserted Village, as the paper mill and its surroundings are often called, is “The Island.” Not a common island containing merely so many acres of land surrounded by water, but a bit of torrid zone transplanted into the North, rank in vegetation, thick with fallen timber, full of gullies, everywhere cut up by streams and sloughs which, up to a few years ago, contained both fish and terrapin.

To the hunter, as well as the fisherman, “The Island” is one of the best known spots on the Brandywine. “It is always good for a coon hunt,” says ‘Squire Paxson, President of the Coon Club, “but of course you don’t always get the coon.” Of course not, ‘Squire, the last observation was unnecessary, for even when the night is right and the dogs are keen and the climbers



are skillful—a rare combination—the numerous channels furnish ready avenues of escape, and the great buttonwoods, rotten at the tops, offer a refuge when all others fail.

Many a furious fight has taken place about the roots of some of the old black oaks that have here found nourishment for a century or more, and not a few late travelers along the public road that runs close to the mill, seeing the light of a waving lantern, have halted long enough to hear a coon's sharp cry or a dog's wild yelp.

A couple of meadows below the paper mill, bring us to historic ground; Jefferis's Bridge, to-day, Jefferis's Ford in Revolutionary times. Immediately above the bridge the Brandywine is shallow and narrow; in ordinary times scarcely higher than one's ankles, and rarely exceeding in width eighty or ninety feet. To the average school-boy, a pool a little further up the creek, dubbed "Blue Rock," is better known than the ford, where the British Army crossed; in fact, if any lad old enough to swim, were asked to locate Jefferis's Ford, he would probably tell you it was south of "Blue Rock."

Reading the sign-board at Jefferis's Bridge, you find that two miles westward will take you to Wawasset, two miles eastward to West Chester, passing by Darlington Seminary, a famous educational place, and a most delightful summer resort for strangers, who wish to visit or critically study Brandywine Battle Field.

I go to the south. For at least a mile—as far as Shaw's Bridge the road is shady and comfortably level, a part of it lying in a wood remarkable for little else than its abundance of grapevines. At a turn, just before the road emerges, an elderly gentleman is pointing out to his son a tree, the trunk of which has forced two rocks asunder—illustrative of the power of life. Years ago, when traveling along this road, at this point the same tree and the same truth caught the eye of a prominent clergy-

man, who first called my attention to it. Since then it has been silently but effectively preaching its lesson to all who have eyes to see.

Going south, the Brandywine is on your right hand, with a narrow meadow between, bordered by a hedge. On your left the



land rises more or less abruptly, and consists of a succession of hills. A map made by John P. Baily about sixty years ago,



"JEFFERIS'S BRIDGE." Page 172.

shows a fairly accurate topographical view of the face of the country between Jefferis's Bridge and Lenape, except that much of the timber has disappeared.

About a furlong below Shaw's Bridge the Eastern and the Western Brandywine unite and form a river. Seated on a log a little above their junction, I ask myself, what has become of the water of the dashing little rivulet that splashed in my face as I lay stretched out on the lonesome by-road in Honeybrook Township, at the base of the Welsh Mountains? Some of it has evaporated, some of it has stopped to refresh the drooping wild flowers that bent over it, some of it has ministered to weary travelers and thirsty cattle, and what remained, after turning the wheels of the old mills along its course, has doubtless long since passed into the Delaware. Its song has changed, its pride is humbled. Meeting with other streams, it has lost its identity. The lusty fellow who rows his boat on Lenape Dam knows nothing of its long and tedious journey—nothing of the rocks and fallen trees that have obstructed its current, nothing of its origin or service. What matters it—it is now a part of a larger, mightier stream that flows forever onward to the sea.

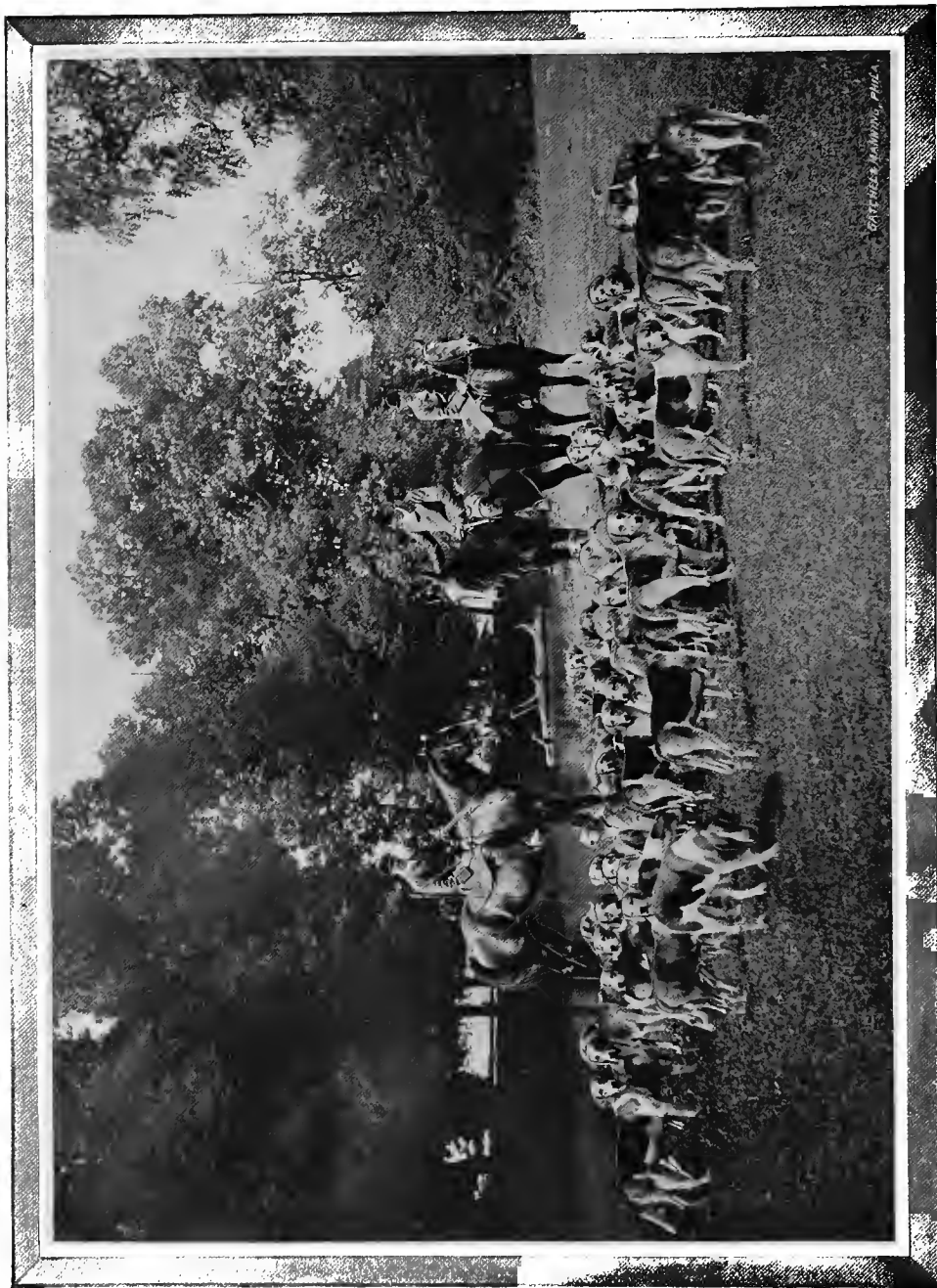
For me, also, is the possibility of sharing in a larger and undying life. "Little, indeed," says Caird of Glasgow, "can each of us accomplish within the narrow limits of our own little day. Small is the contribution which the best of us can make to the advancement of the world in knowledge and goodness. But if the work we do is real and noble work, it is never lost, it is taken up and becomes an integral moment of that immortal life to which all the good and great of the past, every wise thinker, every true and tender heart, every fair and saintly spirit, have contributed, and which, never halting, never resting, onward through the ages is advancing to its consummation."

As I watch the cattle feeding in the meadows of Lenape, I cannot help contrasting the land about "the Forks" with the

rocky pastures near the sources of these streams, "where," in the words of Adam Troub, "it takes a lot of religion to farm."

It is otherwise in Bradford. Her grain fields yield abundant harvests, and her prolific orchards can be seen on every side, with here and there a yoke of well groomed oxen resting in the shade.

Of all the sportsmen that one meets at Lenape, I know of none quite comparable to Richard Draper. He knows the haunts of bass, where carp abound, beneath what ripples fall-fish lie, can point out shady pools that hide the sparkling sun-fish, and better still, can prove his statements accurate by catching them. Besides his piscatorial knowledge, Draper's acquaintanceship with birds is wide and intimate. In his collection, one can see almost every variety to be found along the Brandywine—giant herons, green herons and black-capped night-herons, loons and bitterns, blue-winged teal and green-winged teal, black ducks, fish ducks, mallards and wood ducks, great horned owls, long-eared owls and short-eared owls, besides Acadian, snow, screech and barn; red-tailed hawks, broad-winged hawks, cooper hawks, arrow hawks, pigeon hawks and marsh hawks, jack snipes and sand pipers, rail birds and reed birds, a bald eagle from Nantmeal Marsh, and a lot of warblers from Bowers' Island. With few exceptions Draper has shot them all. His loon was shot at Cope's Dam—his bittern below Birmingham Park. Through his kindness I present them to my readers.

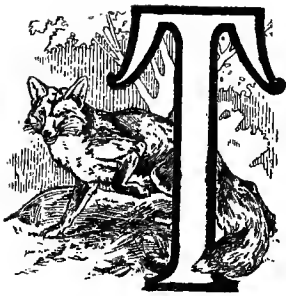


"THEY HAVE ENTERED THE MEADOW." Page 169.

MATHER'S MEADOW.

"Lo! now *Away!* the Fox has *gone*,
Forsakes his haunts and trusts his brawn.
And led by his instinctive guides,
Adown the current wind he glides ;
Nor slacks his foot, nor veers his course,
But onward holds through grove and gorse,
Until by *Dungeon Hollow's* strand,
He feels the moist air fresh and bland ;
And sees his mirrored form below,
And hears nor hound nor *Tally-ho!*"

Everhart—The Fox Chase.



THE "Fox Chase" is Everhart's most spirited poem. Dedicated to John Hickman in 1873, it has ever since been greatly appreciated by all lovers of "the noble pastime of huntynge with runnyng houndes." The late John W. Forney regarded it so highly that he unhesitatingly assigned it a superior place to the celebrated blank verse quarto called the "Chase," which appeared in 1735. Here, at Lenape, waiting for the West Chester car, the cry of hounds half a mile down the stream, recalls to my mind that the scenes of Everhart's Fox

Chase lie all around me. On one side of Sagers's Bridge are
"the braes of Birmingham,"
on the other,

"Pocopson heights,
Where many a gorgeous glimpse delights,
Of rural shows, of pictured land,
So multifarious, vast, and grand,
And grouped and shaded with such grace—
No art could half their beauties trace."

From Lenape to Pocopson Bridge, between the public road
and the Wilmington and Northern Railroad, on either side of
the Brandywine, stretches Mather's wide and luxuriant meadow.

Wandering down the Brandywine's western bank, beneath
the tall trees that line the stream, one feels the influences of
the place and recognizes the accuracy of Everhart's description :

"A spot secluded, wild and weird,
With summer charms subdued and seared ;
With channel not too wide to show
The flowers that beyond it blow,
And deep enough for craft as big
As pleasure skiff or naval gig ;
Presenting in its waves serene,
A varied and attractive scene,
Of stretching lea and sheltering ridge,
Of travelled way and covered bridge,
Of shores, sustained by partial wall,
By native rock, and timbers tall,
Along the borders grown in files,
With branching arcs, like Gothic aisles ;
While every ripple of the stream
Reflects a many-colored gleam,
Of foliage, aster, golden rod,
Still decorating tree and sod ;
And every nook and every glance
Suggests tradition and romance ;
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A place for age and wearied care,
For love, for penance, and for prayer,
For dreamy thought, or festal hymn—
A place to sail, or fish, or swim."



"Crossing the Stream." Page 169.

East of the Brandywine two white posts near a clump of trees by the roadside, mark the beginning of a lane leading to Mr. Mather's house, which remains invisible until one advances a few furlongs further, when the roof begins to show itself above some trees that stand close by. Originally a simple, roomy brick building, it has been so transformed by an Ionic portico, that a great part of the old front is concealed. On the farther side of the house the brick wall is plain and unrelieved, on the nearer, the lower lines of the same character of wall are broken by an Italian garden, which makes a resplendent show and bears tokens of assiduous care.

In front of the house flows Radley Run, an inconsiderable stream that tarries long enough to tell you how the British soldiers marching to Birmingham, crossed it a little south of Osborne's Hill. This bit of information given, Radley Run resumes its movement westward toward Pocopson Bridge.

The lofty pillars, the chattering brook, the faint but delicious scent of growing flowers, give the place an atmosphere of poetry. Even the stables are approached through tasteful arches made of stone. Passing through one of these, I met old Pagan, who resolutely refused to let the camera transfer his lines to paper, preferring to be seen in his progeny and remembered by his record.

West of the mansion house, on a rise of ground, stand Mr. Mather's kennels, with a huntsman's quarters at the eastern end. Hardly had I entered the grounds, when I received a hearty welcome from a group of puppies playing on the greensward in front. Between them and myself a friendship was established at once. Inside the ivy-covered kennel walls, were dog-hounds and bitches, who gave me a vociferous greeting, in which, however, as it seemed to me, I could distinguish one or two menacing tones.

These jarring notes, however, are hushed at once on the

appearance of the huntsman, Percy Picton. Picton was born in North Wales, but after living in Ireland for seven years or more, his Welsh characteristics became tempered with Irish geniality. On his entrance every dog has a look of expectation and friendly recognition. Did ever shepherd watch his lambs with greater care than Picton shows for his hounds? I doubt it. Each individual temperament seems known to him, each point of merit, and each slight defect; he calls each hound by name and each responds. "Come, Bonny Belle, pretty little bitch," and down from the straw comes a lissome creature, with gentle eyes and waving tail, who says by every movement of her body, "Good morning, Percy Picton."

"Come, Bonny Belle, pretty little bitch," how ordinary, how ineffective, when said by me, but when spoken by Picton, the words vibrate with kindness, to which the hound at once responds. What names he gives his dogs—True Lass, Blossom, Bees-wing and Try-well. Actually the poetical atmosphere of the house seems to pervade these kennels. Ideal names for ideal dogs. "Ah, Gertrude! Gertrude! will you, sir, look at those marks! see, sir, the straight front legs! there's a bitch without a blemish. And here, sir, over here, sir, are Glancer and Sailor and Dexter and Shamrock."

"Yes, yes, I see them all, Picton, wagging their tails and barking their acknowledgments of your high encomiums, but Picton, what about the American hound?"

"You can't beat him for nose, sir, but for foot and endurance—well, there they are, sir," and up goes every head, and what to Picton's eye seems more important, every tail.

While the huntsman and whips are getting ready for "an exercise," I watch the great caldron of boiling cracklings, look at the faultlessly clean feeding apartments, visit the hospital with but a single patient—a hound that has torn its foot in a hard run—inspect the sanitary arrangements (which are better



“AH, GERTRUDE! GERTRUDE!” Page 165.

than West Chester's), and pause a moment before a board that rises a foot or so above the grass, and marks the spot where lies

GALLOPIS,
King of Hounds.

By this time Picton is ready, and a moment later the dogs have started down the road. How close they gather to the horses, with tails high in the air, eager for a run. Into the fields they go, then out upon the road again toward Dungeon Hollow. A few minutes more and they have entered the meadow and crossed the stream.

Pursued by such a pack the cautionary words of Everhart might well be heeded :

" Let Reynard hasten—for although
The sunbeams now are slanting low,
The dogs gain faster than the night,
And he grows weaker with the light.
Nor can the dusk of eventide
His pace improve or figure hide,
Nor cloud of mist will here descend,
Like that which saved Idalias's friend ; "

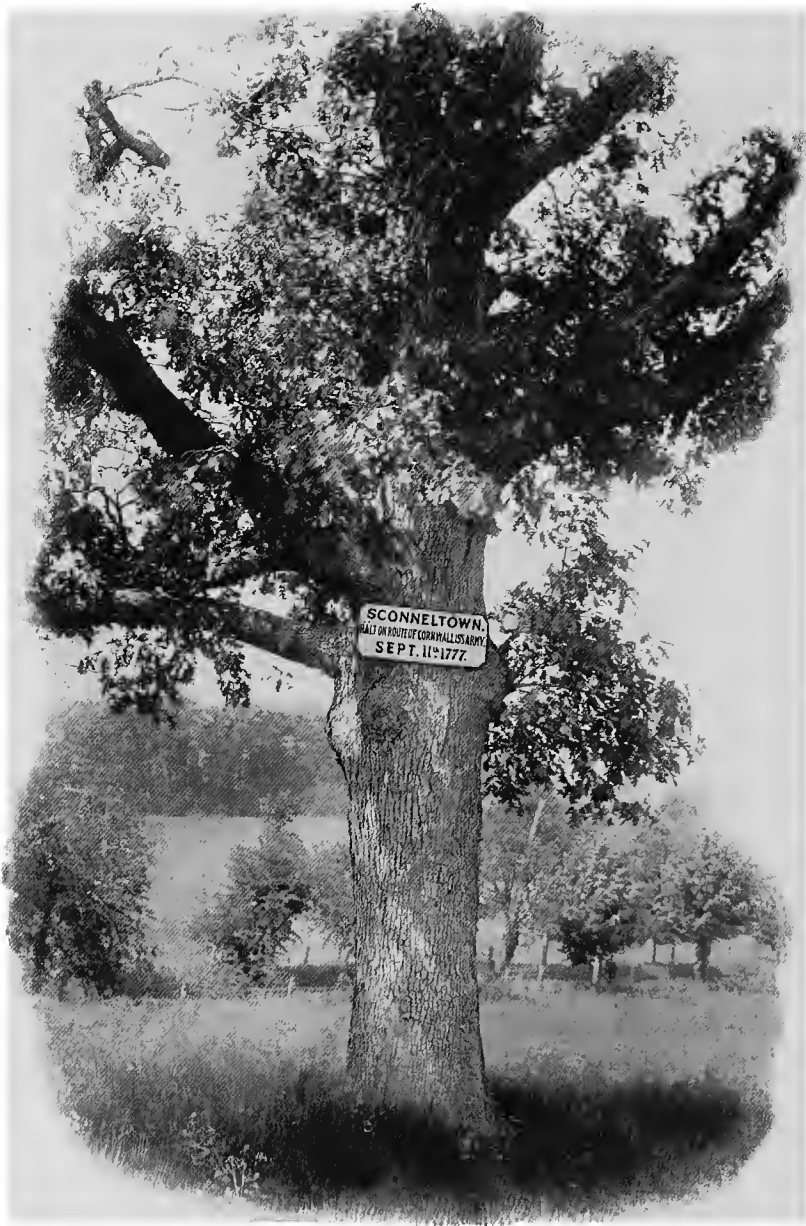
I sit by the fording and await their return. It is the Eleventh of September, nineteen hundred and six. It had not occurred to me before. One hundred and twenty-nine years ago, in this very township of Birmingham, the Battle of Brandywine was fought. Yonder is Pocopson Bridge, over which passes the old Marlborough Road. Along that road a mile or so eastward, the first firing began. Where stands Pocopson Bridge was Jones's, or Painter's Ford ; and Sager's, half a mile above me, was known as Jones's, or Wistar's, afterward as Shunk's, two of the fords that on the night before the battle, Sullivan, stationed at Brinton's—the next ford below—was ordered to guard.



MARLBOROUGH ROAD.

But here comes Picton and his hounds down the bank through the water, Glancer, Shamrock and Blossom, well in front. A minute later they have shaken the water from their coats and passed far up the lane, whither I went two hours ago. Good bye, Picton, the car at Lenape is waiting for passengers. From its windows I look at the visitors about the station, at a little girl handling her yoke of oxen with consummate skill, at the doubling and winding stream, at the rich meadows, and then at the rolling hills beyond, that mingle with and succeed each other, until the line of the far-off horizon shuts them from my sight.





"ON THE TRUNK OF THE OAK IS A PLACARD." Page 172.

OSBORNE'S HILL.

“Whoever heard of Scanneltown?
A village long ago,
That on the heights of Bradford stood,
With Brandywine below.
They say it was a thriving place,
When in its day of palm,
Cornwallis lunched his army there,
Marching to Birmingham.

“It was there the Quakers, driven
By battle’s loud refrain,
From their ancient house of worship,
Came near the foe again;
And devoted to their service,
Within their lowly walls,
They silently awaited him,
As Romans did the Gauls.”

Everhart—Scanneltown.



LITTLE west of an elevation known as Mount Bradford, about midway between West Chester and Lenape, lies Scanneltown, once a flourishing village, but now in our time consisting only of a wide-spreading oak, a Granger’s hall, a messuage and lot recently referred to in Court as “a residential property,” and a common country school house with a reputation seared by lightning. What became of the villagers, or when they made their exodus, no one appears to know.

“For tradition ne’er related,
What finished their career;
We only know they flourished once,
And are no longer here.”

On the trunk of the oak is a placard bearing the words,

SCONNELTOWN
HALT ON ROUTE OF CORNWALLIS' ARMY
SEPT. 11, 1777.

Here, one can read the narrative of Joseph Townsend intelligently, can resurrect the wheel-wright shop and people it with Friends. Birmingham has been taken for hospital purposes. "What next?" the Townsend boys ask each other, as they go down the road, filled with curiosity, and "fond of new things." They shall indeed see new things. Already the alarm has sounded, and "the English are coming," is passing from lip to lip. Let the lads hasten toward Jefferis's Ford, half a mile off, and they will find the red-coats coming out of the woods, moving down the slopes into the fields on the west side of the Brandywine above the fording place. One hundred—two hundred—a veritable army swarms over the meadow land of Em-mor Jefferis. How the water splashes as they go tramping through it. Seven thousand soldiers of King George, who left Kennett this morning in a fog and crossed the Western Brandywine at Trimble's Ford two hours ago. Up the hill they come, "with arms and bayonets as bright as silver," headed for Scon-nelltown. "What fine looking fellows they are," says Abel Boake's wife, who, too, is fond of new things. "Something like an army," do they seem to her, these Hessian advance guards, with beards on their upper lips—a novelty in this part of the country—also with long swords and cutlasses; more interesting than the baggage wagons that followed, but by no means so entrancing as the portly English officers "with skins as white and delicate as females," who enter "an eligible house" at Scon-nelltown and ask about the rebels.

"You've a hell of a fine country here," observes one; an observation that no one disputes.



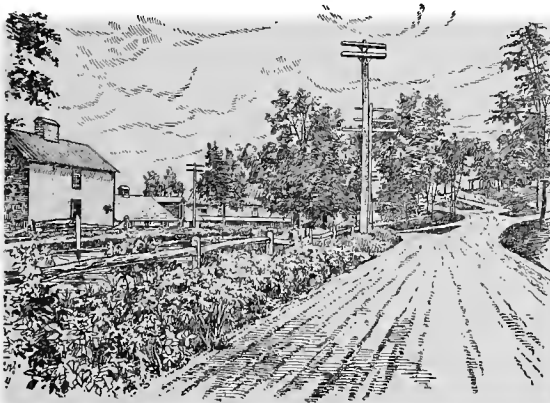
"RADLEY RUN," Page 175.

"Where is Mr. Washington?" asks another; to which one of the Townsends suggests a little patience and a possible meeting.

"What sort of fellow is he, anyhow?" inquired a third.

"A stately, well-proportioned man, active, firm, resolute, esteemed by everybody," comes the response.

"Most damnably misled to take up arms against his sovereign." So runs the conversation, interrupted by the passing of Lord Cornwallis on horseback, very tall, very erect, glorious in scarlet, loaded with gold lace; but let criticism be charitable, for Wayne, too, has an unspeakable bias in favor of an elegant uniform, and "would rather risk his life and reputation at the head of the same men in an attack, clothed and appointed as he could wish, merely with bayonets and a single charge of ammunition, than to take them as they appear in common, with sixty rounds of cartridges." Besides, the Cornwallis of to-day may be the Cobwallis of to-morrow. "At Yorktown Washington shelled all the corn off him," declared a punster of this very township of East Bradford, which sage reflection, had it been



STRODE'S MILL.

made in time, might have cheered despondent hearts; but now, resplendent in epaulettes, Cornwallis is pre-eminently martial, anxious to get a view of the rebels. He shall see them from Osborne's Hill. Montessor, Chief of Engineers,

can tell him the distance, for he has been long in the county and knows the locality. Six hundred yards will take him to

Strode's Mill, another six hundred will bring him to the top of Osborne's Hill, marked by scrawny locusts, a place where, if his glasses be strong enough, he may note a few ragged Continentals near Marlborough Road waiting to receive the Hessian plunderers.

At Chad's Ford the morning has been wasted in skirmishes. Captains Wagoner and Porterfield have engaged the British flankguard, killed a captain and almost taken a field-piece. On the other hand, Maxwell's corps has been driven from the hills west of the Brandywine, across the stream, and the British general, Knyphausen, is parading on the heights. At Washington's quarters is much confusion. Colonel Bland has reported that a large force of British troops has been seen advancing up the road toward Trimble's Ford ; Colonel Ross has confirmed the report, and Greene and Sullivan have been ordered to cross the stream and attack the enemy's left.

But Major Spear, who has ridden over the road from Martin's Tavern to Welch's Tavern, has seen nothing of the British, and other intelligence indicates that what has been previously

observed, is a mere feint. Greene is recalled and scouts are sent out for additional information. They need not go far, for 'Squire Cheyney, of Thornbury, on a horse covered with foam, is at hand with the startling news that Cornwallis has turned the American flank, and is not two miles distant. Let Sullivan, Stirling and Stevens, take their positions, and take them at



OSBORNE'S HILL AND RADLEY RUN.



"BIDDLE'S TOWER." Page 176.

once, for Cornwallis has not only turned the American flank, but rested his men for over an hour, and is almost ready to charge.

From Osborne's Hill to Radley Run—a distance of six hundred paces—the land slopes quickly, and rises just as quickly on the other side for possibly a furlong, then follows undulating ground for half a mile to the Marlborough Road, five hundred yards beyond which, on higher ground, rises Birmingham Meeting House.

The large and portly man who stops his horse close by Cornwallis's side, is General Howe, whose face, as seen by Joseph Townsend, is big and coarse in features, and owing to his loss of teeth, his mouth looks "fallen in." Behind him rides a handsome officer—young Percy—who views the landscape, and informs his servant, Clifford, how in his dreams he has seen the field before in England, "Here I shall die!"

Howe and Cornwallis also view the landscape. "How well the rebels form!" mutters Cornwallis, then shutting his glasses with an oath, he gives the order to advance.

Adown the hill they go, young Percy halting long enough to give his watch and purse into his servant's hands, to charge him with some messages to friends, before he dashes forward on his ride to death.

The Hessian guards soon reach the Marlborough Road, are fired on from Jones's orchard, return the fire, scale the fence, are reinforced, advance, then all is merged in smoke, out of which issues "a most infernal fire of cannon and musketry, mingled with shouting, 'Incline to the right! Incline to the left! Halt! Charge!' the balls ploughing up the ground, the trees crackling over their heads, the branches riven by the artillery, the leaves falling as in autumn, by grape-shot." When the smoke has cleared away, British soldiers shall find not far from the northern wall of the grave-yard, some Continentals stark in death, and lying near them, Percy of Northumberland.

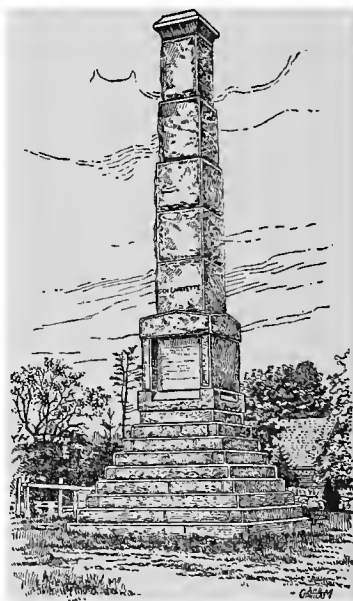
The story is an old one—I shall not repeat it. Already twilight is settling over the scene, obscuring all before me. From Osborne's Hill I watch it slowly falling on Biddle's tower that



marks the spot where Stirling formed his line of battle; falling on the old meeting-house still stained with the blood of patriots; falling on the little octagonal school-house near to the graveyard, the walls of which served as breast-works in the fight; falling on the

graves of Revolutionary soldiers, unknown to all save God.

Generous hearts have raised upon this battle-field, two monuments to Lafayette, and famous orators have told his worth to those who have gathered round them, until his name and personality are singularly familiar. Perhaps too much has not, will not, can not, be said of "the hero of two worlds," whom Washington called his son; but, as the shadowy heroes troop along the horizon of this consecrated ground, my eyes rest on a plainer face, stamped with simplicity and stern morality; my thoughts turn toward a Quaker General, whose skill and prowess saved the field of Brandywine, and many another, from grave disaster.



TAYLOR'S MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF LAFAYETTE.

Honor to Lafayette! and honor, also, to Nathaniel Greene! the greatest military genius that the Revolutionary War produced.



“A QUAKER GENERAL.” Page 176.

